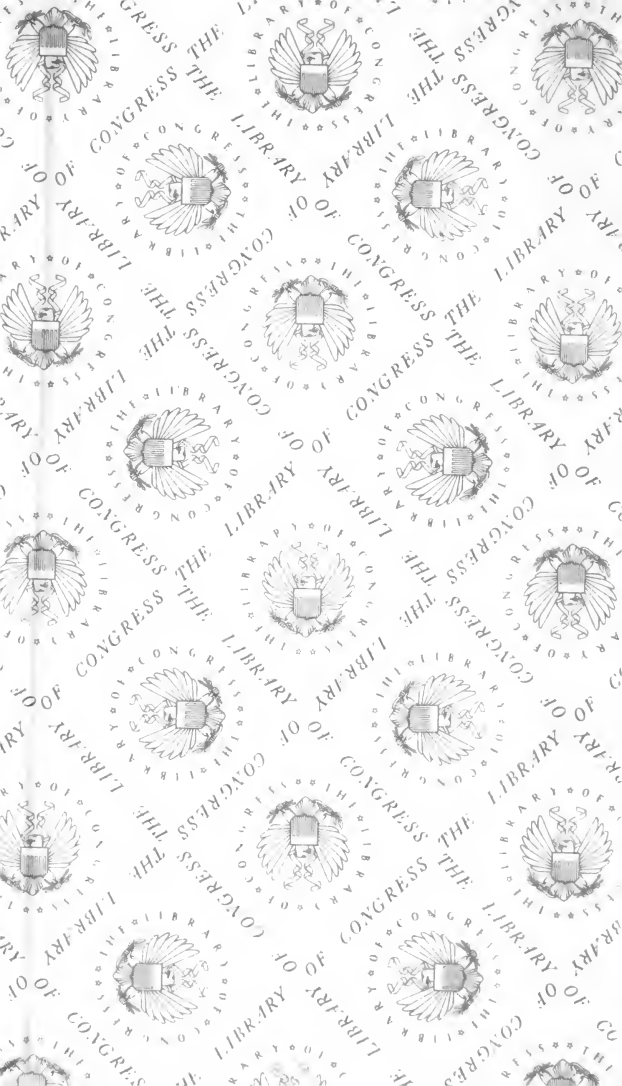


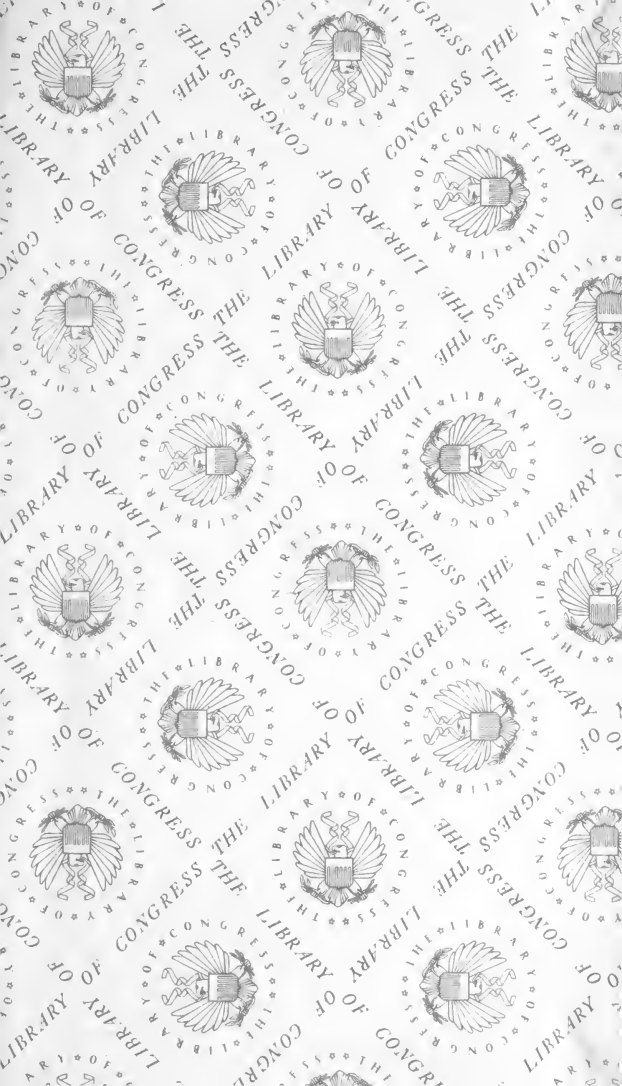
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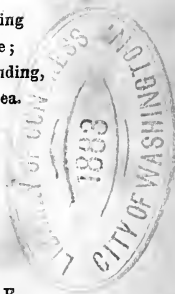
BY

Elaborah Matilda (Lunt)
MRS. BENNISON.

~~~~~  
"Ambition's meed, a sounding name possessing  
I ask not;" nor would wholly useless be;  
May this small effort noiseless footsteps bending,  
Assist the youthful Reader o'er Time's Sea.

~~~~~

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DEDICATION.

To my patrons and subscribers, my children, friends, and the public, this small volume is respectfully dedicated, without apologizing, (although by some this may be deemed necessary.) My patrons and subscribers are requested to accept of my warmest thanks for the aid they have afforded me; as they have been influenced by the pure, disinterested flame of benevolence, they have, within their own bosoms, the rich reward of having acted on the broad basis of philanthropy, without regard to the religious opinions of the writer. The reminiscences, effusions, and letters, were not originally written for publication, and appear in the same simple and familiar form as when presented to the persons to whom they are addressed; they were mostly designed for the young, in order to impress on their minds the necessity of avoiding the paths of Folly, and choosing those of Wisdom, and to encourage the orphan to trust in HIM who has said of these, "If they at all call upon ME, I will hear them." Also, a sincere, though imperfect memorial of the Lord's gracious dealings with her as an individual, and to afford solace to those on whom the hand of sorrow has laid its (though profitable,) most unwelcome grasp. If but one receives benefit by perusing

them, she will be fully recompensed, and quite reconciled to the censure of the critic.

A few pieces are addressed to persons of a different character, such as rank high in literary taste and refinement, to whom the writer would present some small remembrance of gratitude for kindnesses received. (That more of these do not appear proceeds from the want of copies of the original pieces.) These noble spirits are perfectly convinced that she lays no claim to these attainments—as through misfortune, she has only been permitted to sip at the fount of common learning—and that peculiar circumstances have influenced her to make this humble effort; and if they see but little to approve, will not rashly censure.

The whole is interspersed with selections from different authors, and intended to embellish the volume.

D. M. BENNISON.

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POEMS.

A MOTHER'S REMONSTRANCE.

Attend in youth to wisdom's voice,
And make her happy paths your choice ;
Nor madly her rich gifts disdain,
When you these blessings may obtain ;
You need not lean on earth for rest,
A broken reed it is at best :
But often proves a spear to those
Who on its bosom seek repose :
But if, unlike all else below,
Your joys are never dashed with woe,
How short will their duration be,
Compared with vast eternity !
Three score and ten, or four score years,
When past, how short the term appears :
Death's scythe spares none, but mows down all,
The noble, and ignoble fall ;
The rich, the poor, the wise, the brave,
Alike descend into the grave ;
And you must yield your fleeting breath,
Although possessed of India's wealth.
Nor friends can stay the Monarch's hand,
Though weeping 'round your bed they stand,
Wiping the sweat from your cold brow,
Would fain detain you here below ;
Yea ! would themselves descend the grave,
If they your precious life could save ;

But unavailing is their pain,
 Physician's art is also vain;
 For you the summons must obey,
 And quit the tenement of clay.
 What then can dissipate the gloom,
 Or what can this dark vale illumine?
 You sure will need some timely aid,
 To cheer that cold and dismal shade.

If you the Savior's love have slighted,
 Will he deign your friend to be?
 He has said, "I will acknowledge
 Those who have acknowledged me;
 From the grave and death I ransom,
 They must yield to me their prey!
 I will make that dreaded valley
 Pervious to the realms of day.
 Wide unfold the pearly portals!
 Here 's the purchase of my pain;
 These acknowledged me as sovereign,
 They with me shall ever reign.
 Here 's an end of all their sorrows,
 Here they lay their burdens down;
 Through my mighty name they 've conquered,
 And they shall receive their crown.
 Mine the power, and mine the glory,
 Theirs the joy and victory;
 None shall ever be confounded
 Who have placed their trust in me."

"Glory be to him who loved us,"
 Sounds through Heaven's unbounded space;
 Joy ecstatic fills each bosom,
 While they praise redeeming grace!
 What would these enraptured spirits
 Compensate for half their bliss?
 Would they forfeit their enjoyments
 For ten thousand worlds like this?
 But those joys none can imagine,
 Clouds and darkness veil the throne;
 As through glass we see but darkly,
 Only what the word makes known.
 In life's morning seek the Savior.
 It is madness to delay;

Do not barter your salvation,
 For the trifles of a day.
 Glad my heart with this reflection,
 (Ere the lamp of light grows dim ;)
 You will praise my God and Savior,
 You will place your hope on Him !
 When life's crimson flow is ceasing,
 Oh ! what joy will this afford !
 Though in dust I'm doomed to moulder,
 You will live to praise the Lord.
 He 's the God of all my mercies,
 He has been my friend and guide ;
 If you choose Him for your portion,
 He will for your wants provide.
 Though life's joys are dashed with sorrows,
 He will consolation send ;
 He will be your strength and refuge,
 And your never failing friend.
 Through youth's paths He 'll safely guide you,
 And should days and years increase,
 He will crown them all with goodness,
 And their end with lasting peace.

THE RETROSPECT.

They told me in my childhood hours
 Sorrows perchance would rise,
 And darken with their saddening powers,
 My then unclouded skies.

That childhood must to youth give place,
 And youth to age resign
 Her brilliant glories, and my brow
 With furrows deep entwine ;—

"That life was like a mighty sea,
 And its last billowy wave
 Would land my slender, timorous bark,
 On lands beyond the grave."

They told me of a tree of life,
 And river pure and clear,
 Where myriads of ransomed ones,
 In shining ranks appear ;

Who, though of different tribes and tongues,
 This one glad anthem raise,—
 “To Him who saves us by his blood,
 Be never ceasing praise.”

That in those realms of peace and joy,
 No clouds of sorrow rise
 For one short moment to obscure
 The ever-during skies.

Even then, I thought life's utmost joys
 Were scarcely worth my care,
 And I would try by righteous deeds
 To gain admittance there.

My every path seemed strewn with flowers,
 And blithe as child could be,
 My first twelve years were nearly past
 In sweet tranquility :

And then I deeply realized
 Life was a turbid sea ;
 My bark by adverse winds was tossed,
 And dark my destiny.

And oft I wished that time's last wave
 Would finish my career ;
 For all below the skies appeared
 A waste, most wild and drear ;

And had death been a lasting sleep,
 Perhaps uncalled had made
 My exit from this toilsome world,
 To its less dreaded shade.

But after death the judgment came,
 And I irresolute stood ;
 I feared the righteous scrutiny,
 And shrunk from death's cold flood ;

And almost desperate, resolved
 Again to breast the wave,
 If peradventure Heaven at last
 My hapless bark would save ;

When hope, bright "star resplendent rose
 Upon the turbid sea,"
 And pointed to serenest skies,
 Where waves less boisterous be.

And as the great Apostle saw
 A place "Three Taverns called,"
 And met his friends, and courage took,
 By dangers unappalled,

So I took courage, though my path
 Through rocks and quicksands lay ;
 For this bright star begemmed my skies,
 And cheered the darksome way.

With prayers, and faith, and rectitude,
 I wrapt myself around,
 And though I met with many a storm,
 Sweet calms I also found.

"When to my view a mountain rose,
 And on its summit stood,
 A standard, and a banner,
 Marked with Jesus' name in blood !

I knew 'twas Calvary," and approached
 Where this rich banner waved,
 Became obedient to the faith,
 And ranked among the saved.*

And how I in a slender bark,
 On life's momentous sea,
 Could steer so long without a chart,
 Seems very strange to me.

When Heaven, indulgent to my wants,
 This richest blessing gave,

To aid me in my dark career,
Across the billowy wave,

And warned me should the tempest rise,
My anchor firm to cast
Within the vail, and I was sure
To outride each rude blast.

And how this gentle beaming star,
Still on my pathway shone,
When I was ranked with those who did
Heaven's ordinance disown,—

Seems past all comprehension, strange,
And I adoring bend ;
Such wondrous, such amazing grace !
My powers of thought transcend.

By boundless mercy safely brought
So far across life's sea,
The wonders Heaven for me has wrought,
My joyful theme shall be.

Till of mortality released,
By death's propelling wave,
My time-worn, shattered bark is borne
To lands beyond the grave.

REMINISCENCES.

How much I need my mother's counsels kind,
Her fond solicitudes I call to mind ;
Her accents kind ; I often ponder o'er,
Those fond endearments I shall know no more.

But shall I thus lament, and grieve, and think my lot severe ?
The trial's hard, and "unreproved nature may drop a
tear ;"

Yet to 'God's will I acquiesce, and bend before his throne,
My blessings flow from his kind hand, he has but claimed
his own.

Help me to trust in Thee ! oh Lord, thou dost chastise in love,
And though I lose an earthly friend, my heavenly parent
prove.

On Thee for succor I depend, and on thy aid rely,
And Thou, my best, my powerful friend, wilt every want
supply ;

I know my roving feet will err, unless restrained by Thee !
Oh, keep my inexperienced feet from all iniquity ;
Preserve me from the fowler's snare, and fit me for thy rest,
That when I quit this earthly scene, I may among the blest
Be found, and join that ceaseless theme, chanted by those
above,

And while eternal ages roll, extol redeeming love.

Such were the musings of my pensive mind,
And thus I strove to hold hope's anchor fast ;
And from the Sacred Scriptures sought to find
A shelter, to secure me from life's blast,—
For I had early learned youth's buoyant wave,
Unrippled by the gentlest zephyr's breath,
Could be immured in indiscretion's grave,
By error's tempest hurled to hopeless death.
For I had seen my fondest hopes decay,
Riches take wings, and friends to dust consigned ;
But hope still kept my bark above the wave,
While I reflected, God is good and kind.

When very young, I at a burial scene,
Heard one assert, "sore trials do await
Such as the Savior love, and serve him here,
To fit them for a holier, happier state ;"
And I believed my mother's spirit fled,
To those bright regions of unclouded bliss,
And did not wish to break the ponderous seal
Kind Heaven had set on such a world as this.
Oh, then I grasped my anchor firmer still ;
I hoped to meet, in those bright worlds of light,
My mother, and my much loved sisters, too,
And share with them the beatific sight !
Blest wisdom ! that conceals from mortal ken,
The dark, dark vista of our future years ;

That bids us hope the sky will be serene,
 Though overcast with clouds it now appears.
 I said to one, none knows a mother's loss,
 But such as are the trial called to bear;
 She said "she 'd take me to her wealthy home,
 And I should never lack a mother's care."
 But how unlike a mother's silken bands,
 Were the hard reins I now was doomed to wear;
 How different from a mother's accents kind,
 The harsh rebukes now grating on my ear.
 For unaccustomed to domestic toils,
 My first twelve years, (now almost past) were spent,
 My pen, and needle, was my loved employ,
 But on my books my mind was fully bent.
 This pleased my mother: though she sometimes said
 She feared I was rather too much inclined
 To study, for the station I must fill;
 Yet, still indulgent, gratified my mind.
 And had she lived, arrangements would been made
 That I my much loved studies could pursue,
 And by these should a livelihood obtain,
 But now each prospect and each scene was new.
 For hard indeed I found it was to learn
 Domestic duties when with grief oppressed;
 And much I tried the patience of my friend,
 And should have tried one who much more possessed.
 And wrapt in deepest mystery profound,
 Seemed the dark pathway I was called to tread;
 Where folly threw her poisonous baits around,
 By selfish views and sordid avarice led.
 'T was then I raised my streaming eyes to Heaven:
 I had been taught God would regard my prayer;
 For in His word sweet promises were given,
 That He for me would like a mother care;
 For when but yet a child, I loved to read
 How this kind God his chosen people led;
 How He from Heaven their multitudes did feed,
 And satisfied their little ones with bread;
 And how the smitten rock poured forth its streams,
 And how the cloudy pillar led their way,
 And how the fiery pillar's gladdening gleams
 Made their night journeyings wear the smiles of day.
 "And will this great Jehovah be my friend?
 Will he protect me through life's devious maze?

And will he my young sisters, too, defend,
 If we to Him our supplications raise ? ”
 Oh ! had I always thus my burden cast
 On Him, who all-sufficient is to save ;
 Oh ! had I always made his word my chart,
 My bark had always floated on the wave.
 But crooked byroads I too often made,
 And round my pathway fierce temptations rose ;
 And I so ignorant, could scarce discern
 My faithful friends, from my most treacherous foes ;
 For true and faithful friends I always had,
 Yet these oft injudicious councils gave ;
 Sometimes I almost let my anchor go,
 I feared I never should the storm outbrave.
 But time with steady ear was rolling on,
 And near five years with rapid pace had sped,
 I sat me down and mused upon the past,
 As one will sometimes do on time that 's fled.
 And as I pondered o'er departed days,
 And through deep memory's mines intensely sought,
 Astonished at the wonderful displays
 Of love, with which each day, each hour were fraught,
 I thus exclaimed : sure God has heard my prayer !
 And deigned to mark the paths my feet should tread ;
 Sure he has made me his peculiar care,
 And o'er my head his sheltering wing has spread !
 I from this hour this gracious God will serve,
 And seek the peace his precious paths impart ;
 From his blest statutes I no more will swerve,
 Nor shall this trifling world engage my heart.
 Then, bending at his footstool, I implored
 His promised aid might now be granted me,
 While in his strength I now made this resolve,
 That His devoted servant I would be.
 Oh ! all-important crisis ! when life's scales
 Preponderated thus, and gave me rest,
 For heavenly peace, with gentle balmy wing,
 Now animated my once wretched breast.
 Though still exposed on time's momentous sea,
 With no assurance that the storm would cease,
 I said, though rough these surging billows be,
 They but propel me to the port of peace.
 Well, since that time have three-and-thirty years,
 Fled like night-visions from the waking sight ;

Their joys and sorrows, cares and toils and fears,
 Are buried 'neath oblivion's changeless night.
 And I look back with wonder and amaze,
 Just as a traveller, who an eminence gains,
 Looks back, and with astonishment surveys
 The path's he's trod, where death and horror reigns ;
 And rising midst yon well-known trees, describes
 His longed-for home, where he expects to meet
 His much loved friends with pleasure and surprise,
 And each shall each with gladsome accents greet.
 But what's an earthly home, and earthly friends,
 And what's the joy that fills the traveller's breast,
 Compared to that the christian pilgrim feels,
 When he anticipates eternal rest ?
 Eternal rest ! soul animating sound !
 Imagination's utmost powers combined,
 Are lost amidst the mystery profound,
 Of love, rich mercy and compassion joined.
 And I, as on life's threshold now rejoice,
 That I have Jesus and his Gospel known,
 That I have made his peaceful paths my choice,
 And would record his wondrous mercies shown ;
 That when death's icy hand shall stiffened lay
 These scribbling fingers 'neath the grassy sod,
 You, my dear children each, may choose the way,
 That leads to Heaven, and happiness and God !
 You need not err, you have his precious word
 To instruct, admonish, comfort and illume ;
 Thus aided, you may pass cheerful through life,
 And calmly wait your summons to the tomb,
 Where rest in dreamless sleep the christian's dust,
 'Till the last trump bid it immortal rise ;
 Not one, who in the name of Jesus trusts,
 Shall be forgotten when he rends the skies ;
 All such as have his word believed, his name confessed,
 Before a careless and gainsaying world,
 His word stands pledged, shall be pronounced blessed,
 When the new Heaven and earth shall be restored.
 "Behold," says one, "a mystery I show !
 All shall not sleep, but all must changed be,"
 When the last trump shall sound, the dead shall rise,
 And saints be clad with immortality !
 Then shall be brought to pass, Death, where's thy sting !
 And where's, oh, grave ! thy boasted victory !

LETTER I.

TO MY SON, R. S. B.,

Who wrote me a short Epistle, because he had nothing
strange to communicate.

Dear R——t, I was greatly pleased that you did write to me,
And though my time is circumscribed, I scrawl some lines
to thee.

Your letter was by far too brief, though nothing strange you
view,

Methinks you could your paper fill, and yet write nothing
new ;

Though here some strange events occur, they 're quite un-
known to me,

Because I seldom go abroad, those strange events to see ;
And no one cares to fetch me news, because I 've none to
tell ;—

'T is fortunate that I can do without strange news so well.
But I will write of something strange, and marvellous to
view,

Which, though it happened years ago, yet still is strange
and new.

So strange, it fills the heavenly host with wonder and
amaze,

And which they fain would look into, with a perpetual
gaze ;

And, though they cannot comprehend the mystery of that
grace,

Which, while it passed fallen angels by, redeemed our help-
less race ;

Yet, when the high command is given, "fall prostrate, an-
gels, fall !"

Not one discordant note is heard, but all His love extol ;
Yet strange, most lamentably strange, man will not homage
pay,

But spurn this precious, precious gift, and cast the aid
away.

And are the thunderbolts withheld? Yes, justice lingers
now,

And the uplifted sword reversed by mercy's smiling brow.

Mortals may wonder and adore, but may not try to sear,
 The great, the amazing mystery,—the love of God to man !
 Yet, all in this stupendous grace, my equal sharers be,
 Because the precious Savior said, “let sinners come to
 me.”

Unto the green earth’s utmost verge thus runs the great
 decree :

“I will in no wise cast you out, ye sinners come to me.”
 And farther yet the grace extends, than to where the green
 grass grows,
 Even to Arabia’s burning sands, and Lapland’s mountain
 snows.

Oh strange, inexplicably strange ! surpassing all the view,
 Yes, while eternal ages roll, the theme will still be new.
 Though brief your letter, this resolve pleased me exceed-
 ingly,

“That you for liquor’s moderate use would not a pleader
 be.”

I cannot tell you half the joy this oft affords my mind,
 That you to strict sobriety have always been inclined ;
 Or what would be the dire effect, if I should ever see
 One of my children e’er be swayed by alcohol’s tyranny ;
 And if you never touch the bait, it cannot be your bane,
 It is through liquor’s moderate use so many have been
 slain ;

I wrote some lines sometime ago, descriptive of the ill,
 And as I ’ve little else to write, they shall this paper fill.

It was a winter’s eve, and very cold,
 When William J. who scarce was six years old,
 Came running home, for bread he now did want,
 Who ne’er before of bread had been thus scant ;
 On his sad father once fair fortune smiled,
 For he had been a rich man’s only child ;
 But ah ! o’er him intemperance prevailed,
 And with his business, all his money failed ;
 His credit, too, for the good grocer said,
 “He ’d trust no more, ’till the old score was paid.”
 Next to the baker the poor child was sent,
 But here, his father’s credit, too, was spent ;
 The baker said his bread he could not give,
 And by such customers he could not live ;

"What shall we do?" said he to Mrs. J.,
 (Who once had been the gayest of the gay)
 "Perhaps my dear pappa will soon come home;
 If he has money he will give us some."
 She did not wish her nearest friends to know
 Her husband's credit was so very low;
 She hoped that Power who hears the ravens cry,
 Would by some means their urgent wants supply.
 From the dear child she strove to hide her tears,
 Also, her many, very many fears;
 She wished, and yet she feared Henry to see,
 For oft he treated her with tyranny;
 And though he said of this he did not know,
 Yet more than once had given her a blow.
 In a short time poor Henry J. came home,
 "Oh, dear Pappa, I'm very glad you've come,
 For I want bread," the little William cries.
 "I cannot help your wants," poor J. replies,
 "Here's all I have, go fetch a pint of rum,
 And if you're smart, my boy, I'll give you some."
 "Oh, do not send him out, 't is very cold,
 His little hands can scarce the bottle hold;
 'T is slippery, too, he cannot keep his feet,
 Oh, do not send the child into the street."
 "Come, hold your prating, hold your tongue, I say,
 He could go very well, were it to play;
 This is the reason I so often roam,
 I never have a moment's peace at home;
 In my own house, I say, I'll have command,"
 Says Henry J. with an uplifted hand.
 "Ah! do not strike my dear ma', and I'll go,
 I do not care how hard the wind does blow;
 Can't hold the bottle! yes indeed I can,
 I'll go and fetch it like a little man."
 "Ah, ah my boy, you courage have, I see,
 And will not by your mother spoiled be;
 Here's all I have, go fetch a pint of rum,
 And if you're smart, my boy, I'll give you some."
 William goes out and comes again in haste,
 But of the offered rum he will not taste;
 The father drinks, and will not go to bed,
 But on the floor reclines his sottish head.
 No longer can poor Fanny hide her grief,
 And flowing tears afford but sad relief.

"What shall I do? ah, whither shall I go?
 How can I bear this dreadful weight of woe?"
 "Where will you go, mamma? why, go to bed,
 And on the pillow lay your poor, poor head;
 And I'll go, too, and I will warm your feet,
 Perhaps to-morrow we'll have bread to eat."
 The wretched Fanny clasps him to her breast,
 "I wish, my dear, we were in Heaven at rest."
 "Mamma, you say Heaven is a place of bliss,
 And quite unlike a wicked world like this.
 Are there no bad folks there?" "My dear child, no!"
 "Where! Oh where then will my dear Pa' go?
 He drinks, he says bad words, he never prays,
 He cannot go there with such wicked ways."
 "William, my darling child, come go to bed,
 I've fixed the pillow for your little head."
 The child steps in and quickly falls asleep,
 The wretched mother's left alone to weep:
 She takes a retrospect of years gone by,
 When first the youthful Henry met her eye;
 When he was sober, generous and kind,
 Adorned with beauty, riches, wit, and taste refined,—
 Ah, who would then have thought that Henry J.,
 Would thus a victim to intemperance lay?
 "I cannot wake him, neither can I bear
 To go to bed and leave him sleeping there;
 Ah! no; I'll wait until returning day
 When sleep has chased the fumes of drink away;
 And then I'll tell him what poor William said,
 I'll tell him, too, the child has cried for bread."
 While thus she mused, a groan, a lengthened sigh,
 And Henry, struggling, caught her anxious eye:
 She quickly rose, and fondly raised his head,
 But ah, alas! the vital spark had fled.
 Ah, ye who plead for moderate drinking now,
 Here lies a laurel to adorn each brow;
 Here, lies a man who once like you could plead,
 A little liquor's good when we have need,—
 When we're cold, or when we're very warm,
 A little spirits sure can do no harm;
 The man who cannot take a glass of wine,
 Must sure be weak,—that weakness is not mine.
 Ah, show me one, o'er whom intemperance reigns,
 To whom moderate drinking has not furnished chains;

Ah, show me one to drink a devotee,
 Who ever thought that thus the case would be.
 Oh, moderate drinkers, 't is on you I call,
 Before you in this dreadful vortex fall ;
 Here bring your brandy, porter, ale and wine,
 And cast all down before this mighty shrine ;
 Oh, come, and to these rules subscribe each name,
 And try to make your neighbors do the same,
 And use your utmost efforts to extend,
 The benefit to foe as well as friend.
 And advocates of total abstinence, hear,
 In this your work of mercy persevere,
 You cannot tell what blessings may accrue,
 Or what the ills prevented thus by you ;
 Nor need you the vain scoffers' words regard,
 For in your own breast you have a sure reward ;
 The cause is good, let not your courage fail,
 And you will most assuredly prevail.

LETTER II.

TO MY SON, C. L. B.

As you, my son, have chosen for to roam,
 Far from your native land, your friends, and home :
 I must lament the sad, sad destiny,
 And oft my heart will bleed to think of thee.
 But hope that cheers affliction's saddest hour,
 With its benign exhilarating power,
 Affords me solace, bids me cease to mourn,
 For I again shall see my son return.
 'To tell me Jacob's God has been your stay,
 Shielded in danger, pointed out your way,
 Has given you bread to eat, raiment to wear,
 And deigned to make you his peculiar care ;
 From sins sad bondage given sweet release,—
 Has heard your prayers, has filled your breast with
 peace,
 And Jacob-like, you will an altar raise,
 To Jacob's God devote your future days ;

Hope glances farther through succeeding days,
 Each crowned with mercy, each re-echoing praise,
 'Till life's horizon fading from my view,
 Reminds me I must bid my son adieu—
 Anticipating you will useful be,
 When moulders all that mortal is of me.
 But should I thus anticipate in vain,
 Should I on earth ne'er see my son again,
 Oh, let me meet you near the eternal throne,
 Where tears and farewells are alike unknown.

And now methinks you wish from home to hear ;
 When absent from it, all at home seems dear.
 Many events would interesting be,
 If I had time to scrawl them all for thee.
 Dear Mrs. L——n, still exists in pain,
 And for her aid physician's arts seem vain.
 All the Miss S.'s are still kind and well,
 And grand'ma lives of youthful days to tell ;
 Aged and feeble, and sometimes in pain,
 'T is still her motto, I must not complain ;
 But surely ought to very thankful be,
 That God has dealt so graciously with me.
 Sarah and George S., are in wedlock joined,
 Hoping each may in each a helpmeet find ;
 More of your friends would wed, if they could find
 Persons with riches, beauty, sense, and taste refined.
 I often wish our youthful ones were wise,
 Would spurn earth's joys for those above the skies ;
 That when their youthful bloom they shall resign,
 With wisdom's lustre decked, they still may shine ;
 I oft compare them to the lovely flowers,
 Blooming unconscious of receding hours.
 Like these, their youthful bloom will soon decay ;
 Time's withering hand now marks them for his prey ;
 And soon they must to his rude sceptre bend,
 Perhaps they 'll then think of their scribbling friend,
 Who wished them to obey fair wisdom's voice,
 And make her happy, peaceful paths their choice ;
 But ah, what trifles occupy the mind,
 How many things to vex us here we find.

The mirror my late father to me gave,
 Which I desired while life should last to save,

Was lately broken, and it did me grieve,
 Because I did it from his hands receive ;
 Not for the mirror, that replaced could be,
 But not by him who gave that one to me.
 And thus, thought I, all earthly joys decay,
 Like brittle glass they quickly pass away.
 A few short years and I shall also be
 Like him who gave this brilliancy to me ;
 A spirit severed from this clay abode,
 Standing before its Maker and its God !
 Ah, what is life, stretched to its utmost span !
 And how mysterious is the mind of man !
 Formed to enjoy immortal happiness,
 But fondly clinging to a world like this.
 A happy few embrace fair wisdom's ways,
 Their Maker love, and their Redeemer praise,
 And sweetly prove religion's paths are peace,
 Affording solace when earth's comforts cease.

Nothing sectarian suits your father's mind,
 He to no human system is inclined ;
 He takes no interest in polemical strife,
 But grounds his faith upon the word of life.
 He says, that "all to whom this word is sent,
 Should it believe, and of their sins repent ;
 Then to the water-side with speed repair,
 And be immersed, as the first christians were,
 Into the name of Jesus Christ the Lord,
 Who will to them all needful aid afford."
 Also, "His word is a sufficient guide,
 And christians need no rules, or laws beside."
 So you need not these famed discussions send,
 To him 't is immaterial which defend
 With strongest arguments his favorite creed,
 If he neglect Jehovah's laws to heed.

At our last temperance meeting, ninety more
 Added their names to theirs who joined before,
 To exert their utmost efforts to destroy
 Intemperance, that bane to peace and joy ;
 I was not there, but heard some persons say,
 The cause was advocated by Mr. Gray,
 Who, portraying intemperate ills to view,
 Said, "Moderate drinkers, ah, I feel for you !

Come, aid the noble cause for which I plead,
 For moderate drinking, surely there's no need."
 Not as Elijah in the days of yore
 Stood the good man, alone these evils to deplore,
 But many helpers joined with heart and hand,
 To banish alcohol from our happy land.

Soon those called total abstainers will meet,
 And of all rules, theirs is the most complete ;
 They will not take a single glass of wine,
 But cast all down before this mighty shrine ;
 Your worthy father joins this noble band,
 Determined for to make a valiant stand
 Against the foe, and cause it to retreat,
 From town and country, house, shop, store and street ;
 I oft deplored alcohol's tyranny,
 But never did expect such days to see,
 When male and female, son as well as sire,
 Against the tyrant's reign should thus conspire.
 I sometimes think I should delight to see
 The happy land of my nativity.
 Land of my childhood ! there my father smiled,
 And there my mother kissed her happy child ;—
 Even the old ruins would be dear to me,
 Before whose door once stood the apple tree.
 Memory will still retrace those happy days,
 Although succeeding ones demand my praise ;
 And friends, and blessings in a stranger's land,
 Has Providence bestowed with bounteous hand.

When Mr. and Mrs. D——, again you see,
 Present my thanks for kindnesses to thee ;
 And to every one, unknown as well as known,
 Who have to the down-easter kindness shown.
 Now for a season I shall cease to rhyme :—
 Do not neglect to write when you have time,—
 Praying Heaven's rich blessing may descend on you,
 Once more, my son, your mother scrawls adieu.

D. M. B.

MY HOME.

An Extract — Selected.

There am I loved, there prayed for ; there my mother
Sits by the hearth, with meek and thoughtful eye ;
There my young sisters watch to meet their brother,
Soon their young footsteps down the path you 'll spy.

LETTER III.

TO MY SON, R. S. B.

I write to inform you that I 'm pretty well,
Also your friends who in the city dwell,
Except brother E——, who often does complain
Of weaknesses, 'though not of acute pain ;
Margaret the fair, and sisters, too, are well,
And James, who has returned home to dwell
For a short season, for he seems to be
Determined still to plough the boisterous sea ;
To wisdom's ways he has not yet inclined,
But worldly pleasures quite engross his mind ;
When will the Savior's tender mercies move
Each youthful heart to seek his boundless love ?

* What pains men take important posts to obtain,
That wealth and worldly honors they may gain ;
Early they rise, and late to rest retire,
To obtain the portion they so much desire ;
But, when they 're offered an immortal crown,
What carelessness, what heedlessness is shown,
Perhaps it may be so, I may be saved,
And thus the path to endless ruin 's paved ;
Not so the great Apostle, he thus spake,
"I count all else but dross, for Jesus's sake,"

* Written at the time of choosing city officers.

His letters to the churches make it plain,
 He earthly crowns and honors did disdain ;
 His earth-abstracted hopes were fixed on high,
 On crowns unfading his aspiring eye.
 Hear him exult that not for him alone,
 Those crowns were purchased, and this mercy shown,
 But that this rich, this most abundant grace,
 Was freely offered to our helpless race.
 The Gospel rapidly is gaining ground,
 And many through it have salvation found ;
 In lands not far remote, recently came
 Three hundred, and confessed the Savior's name ;
 But here, alas ! those called the good and wise,
 These truths contemn, and these pure laws despise ;
 They enter not themselves into the fold,
 And those who would, their counsels oft withhold.
 But prejudice begins to wear away,
 And some, even here, the Savior dare obey.
 Since I last wrote, four persons forward came,
 And were immersed into the Savior's name.
 The morn was fair, while splendid sunbeams gave
 A grandeur to the consecrated wave ;
 Wondering I gazed, my breast with ardor glowed,
 And busy thought awhile ranged uncontroled.
 Those thoughts collected, and the facts combined,
 For your improvement I recall to mind,
 And to you send, arrayed in humble verse,
 And you to others may these facts rehearse.

Again assembled on the wave-washed strand,
 By Heaven's canopy enurtained o'er,
 See the disciples of the Savior stand,
 And their Redeemer and their God adore ;
 Hear a proclaimer thus the crowd address :
 " This day we come to honor Zion's king,
 He, who himself fulfilled all righteousness,
 Bade to the water penitents thus bring.
 And they, believing him the Son of God,
 And that he died for all their sins to atone,
 Resolve to follow where his footsteps trod,
 And for salvation trust in him alone.
 And buried with him 'neath the yielding wave,
 And thus immersed into his powerful name,
 Shall find he all-sufficient is to save,
 And will not put their humble hopes to shame.

And do you thus believe?" addressing each ;
 "I do believe that Jesus is the Lord,
 And would obey all his apostles teach ;
 My hopes of pardon centres in his word."
 "By his authority whom you confess,
 "You are immersed into the name of Father, Son, and
 Holy Ghost ;"
 And of the water and the spirit born,
 The name of Jesus is their joyful boast.
 Oh, praise the Lord ! exalted be his name !
 Who thus ennobles, thus exalts our race,
 Let each disciple celebrate his fame,
 Let each adore the mystery of his grace.

And you, who dare assert such, disbelieve,
 When they thus publicly their faith confess,
 Show us such proofs that you the word receive,*
 And we 'll not doubt Jehovah's power to bless,
 But will acknowledge you co-heirs with Him,
 Whose word omnific, Heaven's blue curtains wrought,
 Who fixed yon shining orbit 'midst the spheres,
 And out of nothing, earth's fair fabric brought.
 And you, with us shall taste a Savior's love,
 And with us, too, assemble 'round his board ;
 With us anticipate the joys above,
 Where he more perfectly shall be adored :
 And as you journey through life's devious maze,
 Where joys alternately, and sorrows rise,
 Each eve will bring fresh causes for his praise,
 Each rising morn a thankful sacrifice ;
 When death approaches with his dreaded train,
 And nature sinks, and earthly hopes expire,
 His presence shall your feeble souls sustain,
 His word impart the aid you then require ;
 And when the great Arch Angel's trump shall sound,
 And from their long repose the dead arise,
 Your quickened dust shall burst the gloom profound,
 With glory decked, and filled with glad surprise ;
 And join the faithful who on earth remain,
 When Zion's king these lofty skies shall rend,
 With them the heights of glory to attain,
 And endless ages in his presence spend.

* As many as received the word were baptised.—*Acts of the Apostles.*

These prospects cheer with a pure fadeless ray,
 The Christian Pilgrim's humble, happy breast,
 More than magnetic influence speeds their way,
 And on they hasten to eternal rest.
 But you, my son, do not these things despise,
 Nor do you doubt the goodness of the Lord;
 Then show me where the weighty hindrance lies,
 That keeps you from submitting to his word?

This day completes my eight-and-fortieth year;
 And as I retrospect the years that 's fled,
 My youthful days devoted to his fear,
 Afford me solace though their joys have fled;
 And though I have much reason to lament
 That I 've been so unfaithful to his grace,
 Yet I 'm his servant, and his word declares,
 That such as serve Him shall behold his face.
 Soon will these scribbling fingers cease to move,
 These thinking powers their energies resign;
 Accept this small memorial of my love,
 Perhaps the last that you 'll receive of mine.

ADIEU.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

VOICE OF MISSPENT TIME.

"Thou for each squandered hour must give account!
 And squandered minutes serve to increase their amount,—
 Then prithee, hearken, and of wisdom learn;
 And time's improvement make thy grand concern,"
 Lest thou, like one of yore, be found too light,
 When in the balance weighed, and sink in night.

REPLY.

Tell me! Oh tell me, ghost of murdered hours,
 Why thus my quiet, peaceful hours molest?
 Why haunt my foot-steps with intrusive powers?
 Why force reflection on my careless breast?

'T is true, of hours is formed the term assigned
 To me, immortal life to lose, or gain ;
 But I 've long ago made up my mind
 This most important blessing to obtain.
 Yes, when the buoyancy of youth is fled,
 Thy squandered benefits I will redeem,
 And o'er life's path a brilliant lustre shed,
 For sacred wisdom shall be all my theme.
 Or should life's term not thus protracted be,
 Should sickness seize, death throw his well poised dart,
 I will lament that I have squandered thee,
 So ghost of murdered hours from me depart.
 Not long ago a youth our circle graced,
 Who ne'er to sacred wisdom was inclined,
 Who on the Savior's word no credence placed,
 But worldly pleasures quite engrossed his mind ;
 When called these interesting scenes to leave,
 And to consumption's power his health resign,
 Never appeared at all inclined to grieve,
 But still with folly's votaries would join ;
 When those who loved him, (for he was beloved)
 Saw on his pallid cheek the hectic glow,
 Presaging he from earth would be removed,
 They feared the least disquietude to show ;
 Yet, when the dreaded messenger drew nigh,
 No ghost of murdered hours haunted his breast ;
 Because he must, he was resigned to die,
 And quickly pass to perfect happiness.
 And sure he now inherits perfect bliss,
 For the good rector thanked his gracious God,
 Who called his servant from a world like this,
 And prayed devoutly equal grace be showed
 To others, 'till the highly favored, the elect,
 Should all be called his glorious face to see,
 And in his prayers an interest I expect ;
 So ghost of murdered hours, depart from me.
 How my soul sickens when fanatics say
 The mighty Lord, all-powerful to save,
 Without, expects men should his laws obey,
 If they would rise triumphant from the grave,
 And join the general anthem of the skies ;
 With energetic zeal I these oppose,
 For I this doctrine heartily despise,
 As all my conduct evidently shows.

Admit their statements, and my hopes are vain,
 For I to these requirements will not bend ;
 But am determin'd, still with folly's train,
 My youthful days in merriment to spend ;
 And then at last receive immortal bliss !
 A monument of sovereign grace alone ;
 Oh, what a theme for angel harps were this,
 That God, a worthless sinner thus should own :
 And me reward as those who did him serve ;
 His son acknowledged, and confessed his name,
 Who gave themselves to Him without reserve,
 And for his sake endured reproach and shame.
 'T is true, there 's not a promise in God's holy word,
 For such as wilfully his laws reject ;
 But there are those by far more wise than me,
 Who heed them not, yet endless life expect.
 Then tell ! oh tell me, ghost of murdered hours,
 Why thus annoy me, thus disturb my rest ?
 Why haunt my footsteps with intrusive powers ?
 Why force reflection on my careless heart ?

CONVERSION OF JUSTIN MARTYN.

FROM THE LATIN.

Justin one day was walking down by the sea shore,
 Of Plato's famed doctrines, was thus pondering o'er ;
 How richly sublime were the maxims he taught,
 And with pure enjoyments his precepts are fraught.
 Not long he thus mused, when a sage* passed that way,
 No wisdom 's like Plato's the stripling did say ;
 Ere Plato existed, the old man replied,
 Some persons called patriarchs, and prophets, descried
 Light from the pure Logos, which brought to their view,
 Enjoyments of wisdom, which Plato ne'er knew.
 Examine their writings, and pray for true light,
 If you would be led in the paths that are right ;

* Supposed to be Polycarp.

In language most feeling the sage did portray
 The rich Gospel blessings, then went on his way.
 Justin saw him no more, but labored to find
 That light which now shed its pure rays o'er his mind,
 And owned what Socrates, or Plato had taught,
 Was ne'er with such reason, and philosophy fraught;
 And an able, bold champion for christianity became,
 And enrolled among martyrs we see Justin's name.

“FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT
 HE GAVE HIS SON.”

“So he drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.”

Cherubims, and a flaming sword, obstruct the way to heavenly bliss;

Lo! every way it turns, to keep poor helpless man from happiness.

No angel power can it remove, nor all the tribes of Adam slain—

Rivers, yea, seas might flow with blood, that blood be spilt, and flow in vain.

What can redeem our helpless race? can angel minds a plan devise?

In pondering lost, no plan appears to raise a rebel to the skies!

Behold the Son of God descend! He takes our curse, He bears our load;

See Him extended on the tree! He seals our pardon with his blood!

Behold earth to its centre quake, rocks rend, the sun forbear to shine!

A heathen strike his breast, convinced the illustrious sufferer is divine!

Not so, the unrelenting Jews; they to the Governor repair, Saying, “Sir, this great deceiver said, no tomb should keep his body here,

On the third day he would arise, a joyful victor o'er the
grave ;
Lest his disciples steal his corse, we come to thee a guard to
crave."

"My soldiers are at your command—let these his burial
place surround ;

And certain death shall be their lot, if his disciples there are
found."

They make the sepulchre secure, but from its precincts Je-
sus rose,

And through his chosen ones proclaimed life and salvation
to his foes.

"Go, publish this amazing grace ! and all who do believe
your word,

And are immersed into my name, and me acknowlege for
their Lord,

Such shall be saved ; while those who hear, but disbelieve
what you proclaim,

Shall be condemned. Go, hasten hence, publish salvation
through my name ;

You need not fear surrounding foes ; 'till this state ends I'll
be with you."

When lo ! a most luminous cloud concealed Him from the
rapturous view.

Ye pearly portals, wide unfold ! Ye seraphs strike the
tuneful chord !

Let Heaven's unbounded space be filled with hallelujahs to
the Lord !

No longer round the tree of life, ye cherubs wield the
flaming sword—

Join ye, the general loud acclaim, Glory to Jesus Christ the
Lord !

But, to return to those who stood with eyes uplifted in
amaze :

To these, two shining ones appear, saying, "Men of Israel,
why this gaze ?

This Jesus who is taken hence, shall thus to earth again de-
scend ;"

They worshipped, and with joyful hearts, their footsteps to-
ward Jerusalem bend.

Baptized with the Holy Ghost, they thus the joyful news
proclaim :

"Ye who have crucified the Lord, receive salvation through
his name !"

Nor did they preach the word in vain ; three thousand in
 one day believed,
 And were immersed into the name of Him whose doctrine
 they received.
 To every nation under Heaven, in a short time, the Gospel
 spread,
 And mightily the word prevailed, though persecution rear-
 ed its head.
 Those who promulged these sacred truths, sought but the
 approval of their Lord ;
 But, when through signs and wonders wrought, Emperors
 and Kings received the word,
 That all this blessing should receive, deemed it expedient
 and right,
 In one firm, grand, and lasting bond, they would the Church
 and State unite.
 Determined with their lives, to maintain these truths,
 ('t was noble) but behold !
 Many unworthy of the name, crept with the sheep into the
 fold :
 Hence, sprang divisions, feuds ; and hence, creeds, rules,
 and vain traditions came,
 Till shorn of its celestial charms, christianity seemed but a
 name,
 That precious word (designed to be a lamp to guide the Pil-
 grim's way,)
 Was hid from the inquirer's view, and midnight gloom eclips-
 ed the day.
 But as the brightest gems, concealed beneath earth's sur-
 face, still retain
 Their value, so this precious pearl of countless worth did
 still remain
 Most pure ; and we behold with joy, these inauspicious
 days,
 Gone by ; and truth's resplendent beams bless us with its
 meridian blaze.
 United in one common bond, we see a band of brethren
 rise
 'Round its deserted standard throng, determined to secure
 the prize
 Reserved for such as love the Lord, and his commandments
 would obey,
 Even resurrection from the tomb ! and joys that never can
 decay.

Hear them upon the immortal base of God's own word this
 truth proclaim ;
 To Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess
 his name.
 Hasten His favor to secure, before that great tremendous
 day,
 When such as now despise His grace, be driven like the chaff
 away.

THE ONE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY ANNE W. MAYLIN.

Oh ! watch thy soul's footsteps, lest haply they stray
 In their journey to heaven, from its dictated way,
 Through storm or through sunshine, Earth's gain, or its loss,
 The way of all ransomed—the way of *the Cross* !
 That, cheered by the presence, and lit by the smile
 Of Him, who kept Daniel from terror and wile,
 When the dainties of princes he scorned for his meat,
 When the fierce crouching lions lay tamed at his feet ;
 That, tracked by the footsteps of Saints as they trod
 A pathway, oft flinty, yet blessed of God ;
 THAT, never the SPORT OF EARTH'S CHANGES to be,
 THAT one and the same, for thy FATHER'S and THEE !

The march of Invention may tread as it will
 Upon Time's mighty wheels, until Time standeth still ;
 From each circle of Science, each region of Art,
 Conjecture may widen, and Theory start,
 Till the plodding old Past, step by step, shall appear
 But as shadowy night to the eye and the ear ;
 Yet in that one path—in the path of *the soul*,
 Beware—and each vagrant invention control ;
 Lest in silence, a mildew should creep o'er thy lot,
 Like a serpent that coils, and thou knowest it not !
 O ! tempest-torn wanderer, whose heart, faint and tost,
 Fears in doubt and in gloom, lest its compass be lost,
 Keep thy feet where Apostles have struggled and striven,
 And that path of all ages shall take thee to Heaven.

TO MRS. S. A. E.

Seraphic choirs in strains harmonious,
 Adoring praise their God and ours ;
 Redeeming love, and grace victorious,
 Astonish these celestial powers.
 How vast the wondrous condescension !
 Amazing ! most stupendous grace !
 No seraph purchased our salvation,
 No cherubim redeemed our race.
 Exhaustless source of exultation !
 A nobler gift demands our praise.
 'T was God's own Son ! let every nation,
 One universal anthem raise ;
 Nor cease the strains, till hosts victorious,
 We join the seraph's rapturous lays.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

SELECTED.

When Israel through the desert passed,
 A fiery pillar went before,
 To guide them through the dreary waste,
 And lessen the fatigue they bore.
 Such is the glorious Word of God,
 'Tis for our light and guidance given,
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and Heaven.
 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
 And quickens our inactive powers ;
 It sets our wandering footsteps right,
 Displays His love, and kindles ours.
 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;
 Its doctrine is divinely true ;
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts and instructs us too.

THE BIBLE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

This little Book I'd rather own,
 Than all the gold and gems
 That e'er in monarch's coffers shone—
 Than all their diadems.

Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
 The earth a golden ball,
 And diamonds all the stars of night,
 This book were worth them all.

How baleful to ambition's eye
 His blood-wrung spoils must gleam,
 When Death's uplifted hand is nigh,
 His life a vanished dream !

Then hear him with his gasping breath
 For one poor moment crave !—
 Fool ! would'st thou stay the arm of death ?
 Ask of the gold to save !

No, no ! the soul ne'er found relief
 In glittering hoards of wealth ;
 Gems dazzle not the eye of grief—
 Gold cannot purchase health ;

But here a blessed balm appears
 To heal the deepest woe,
 And he that seeks this book in tears,
 His tears shall cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree
 Hath made that promise blest :
 "Ye heavy laden come to me,
 And I will give you rest.

A bruised reed I will not break,
 A contrite heart despise ;
 My burden's light, and all who take
 My yoke, shall win the skies !"

Yes, yes, this little book is worth
 All else to mortals given,
 For what are all the joys of Earth
 Compared to joys of Heaven ?

This is the guide our Father gave
 To lead to realms of day—
 A star whose lustre gilds the grave—
 “The light—the life—the way.”

TO MRS. F. T.

Fraught with bevolence toward our helpless race,
 A mediator leaves the court of Heaven ;
 No angel wisdom fully scans the grace,
 Nor asks why such a gift to man is given.
 Yet these intelligencies, near the throne,
 Their richest, sweetest melodies employ,
 Heaven's utmost stretch of mercy to make known
 Oh, mortals, catch the theme of rapturous joy ;
 Mysterious union ! Heaven and Earth are joined,
 Angels and men, one general anthem raise !
 Saved from our sins, we pure enjoyments find,
 And should outvie the brightest seraph's lays.

CHRISTIAN FIRMNESS.

SELECTED BY W. W. E.

“Neither count I my life dear unto myself.”—*Apostle Paul.*

“Be thou like the twelve apostles—
 Be thou like heroic Paul ;
 If a free thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly ! speak it all ;
 Face thine enemies—accusers ;
 Scorn the prison, rack, or rod !
 And, if thou hast TRUTH to utter,
 SPEAK ! and leave rest to God !—*Gallagher.*

TO W. T.

“ We preach Christ crucified.”—*Apostle Paul:*

While some of noble ancestors glory and boast,
 In search of wealth others ignobly strive ;
 Learning's redundant charms other's pursue,
 Leaving all joys for those they thence derive.
 In worldly pleasures others seek for bliss,
 Although experience proves the effort vain,
 Make it their glory to pursue the chase
 And hope from shadows substance to obtain.
 'Tis mine to glory in a Savior's Cross,
 Unfurl His banner, and His love proclaim,
 Regardless of all earthly gain or loss ;
 'Tis mine to rear a standard to his fame ;
 Oh ! may the Sacred Spirit's lambient flame,
 Prefigured by a touch of hallowing fire—
 Refine, illumine, and with well-tempered zeal,
 And love to precious souls my breast inspire !
 No ill shall daunt me ; nor shall pleasure lure ;
 Thus aided I the Gospel will proclaim,
 Nor rest inglorious while one soul remain
 Unsav'd from sin, through His most PRECIOUS NAME.

THE BIBLE THE COMFORT OF THE AFFLICTED.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken ;
 She is a widow ; she is old and poor ;
 Her only hope is in that sacred token
 Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er ;
 She asks not wealth nor pleasures—begs no more
 Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
 Of her Redeemer. Skeptics, would you pour
 Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
 Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms,
 And charms her being's night ?—*Percival.*

A FRAGMENT.

SELECTED.

And are there those who at the Bible scoff,
 And cast aside this only balm of hope ?
 Though fortune smile upon their palace gate,
 I envy not their lot, nor would exchange
 The harnessed African's hard yoke for theirs,
 If vile ingratitude to man proclaim
 A low and sordid mind ;
 How must appear the wretch, who lives unmindful of
 his God !
 In whom each name is truly realized,
 Of Father !—Benefactor !—Friend !

THE SCRIPTURES.

SELECTED.

Lamp of our feet ! whose hallowed beam
 Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
 How welcome is the cheering gleam
 Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path !
 Light of our way ! whose rays are flung
 In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
 How blessed its dark shades among,
 The star that guides us to our God !

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
 Read thee in dim and sacred caves,
 Or in the deep wood silently,
 Met where thick branches o'er them waved,
 To seek the hope thy record gave,
 When thou wert a forbidden thing,
 And the strong chain and bloody grave
 Were all on earth thy love could bring.

Our fathers, in the days gone by,
 Read thee while peril o'er them hung;
 But we, beneath the open sky,
 May search thy leaves of truth along;
 Fearless, our daily haunts among,
 May chant the hallowed lays of old,
 Once by the shepherd minstrel sung,
 When Israel's hills o'er hung his fold.

In the sweet morning's hour of prime,
 Thy blessed words our lips engage,
 And round our hearths, at evening time,
 Our children spell the holy page;
 The waymark through long distant years,
 To guide their wandering footsteps on,
 Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
 Written on the churchyard stone.

Lamp of our feet ! which day by day
 Are passing to the quiet tomb,
 If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
 Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
 How beautiful their calm repose
 To whom that blessed hope was given,
 Whose pilgrimage on earth was closed
 By the unfolding gates of Heaven !

THE CHRISTIAN PREACHER'S RESOLUTION.

Plighted, my vows to own Messiah's sway,
 Onward to his blessed courts I urge my way,
 Regardless of all earthly loss or gain,
 This my ambition, to proclaim his reign;
 Even to earth's utmost verge should I repair,
 Redemption through His blood would publish there,
 Till every people, nation, tribe, and tongue
 Hears Jesus fills the mediatorial throne.
 Oh ! name most precious ! soul-transforming sound !
 Millions have through this name salvation found ;
 And millions more fettered by sin's dire chain,
 Shall hear, believe, obey, and freedom gain.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

AN ACROSTIC.

The Christian Church ; ah ! tell me where exists the hal-
lowed fane ?

Hither I would with speed repair rich proffered bliss to gain,
Each precept learn, each law obey, enjoined by the Great
Head,

Conduct me to this sacred Dome, I long its courts to tread.
Hither, oh, Pilgrim turn thy feet, here is the Church of God,
Religion sheds its radiance here, these paths a saint has
trod ;

Inspired by Heaven, he lived, and died, this house records
his fame,

Securely on this basis rest, and here inscribe your name.

'Twas his to search the sacred page, and understand each
line,

Instruction from his words receive, they surely are divine.

Ah ! 'tis the pristine Christian Church, which I so long to
find,

No less can fully satisfy my long misguided mind,
Confessions, creeds, and sects, and names most certainly
abound,

How shall I find the Church I seek where marks I name
are found ?

United to one common Lord, immersed into his name,

Rejoicing in one faith, one hope, one body they've become,

Conformed in all things to his word, they in his image
shine,

Hither conduct my willing feet, and make these blessings
mine.

TO W. W. E.

Life and Immortality is brought to light through the Gospel.

“What fills my breast with this intense desire ?

Insatiate longings ever to endure ;

Life's utmost limits end, its joys expire,

Like these my doom is fixed, my fate is sure.

In vain I to the fiat would be resigned,

And summon fortitude and reason's aid ;

My heart recoils, my anxious, active mind,

Would gladly find a refuge from Death's shade.”

Ere the rich Gospel rose with rays benign,

No hope appeared the dark profound to illumine

The time has come when its rich blessings shine

With pure resplendence o'er the dreary tomb.

Oh ! had Socrates, Seneca, or Plato known

Redeeming love would ransom from the grave,

Their philanthropic powers had gladly shown

How boundless grace a guilty world could save.

Engaged in this great work, my Christian Friend,

A Savior's boundless mercy you proclaim ;

'Tis yours, this greatest blessing to commend,

Of life immortal through his precious name !

No vain, enthusiastic, baseless dreams,

Or philosophic lore inspires your breast,

But through the Sacred Scripture's gladdening streams,

You point the Sinner to the Christian's rest.

LORD'S SUPPER.

SELECTED.

“Do this in remembrance of Me.”—*King Messiah.*

Jesus is gone above the skies,

Where our weak senses reach him not,

And carnal objects court our eyes,

To thrust our Savior from our thought.

He knows what wandering hearts we have,

Apt to forget his lovely face ;

And to refresh our minds he gave

These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life this table spread
 With his own flesh, and dying blood,
 We on the rich provision feed,
 We taste the wine and bless our God.
 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem,
 Christ and his love fill every thought,
 And faith, and hope, be fixed on Him.

While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare for us a place
 That we may dwell in heavenly light,
 And live forever near his face,
 Our eyes look upward to the hill
 Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
 We wait his Chariot's awful wheels
 To fetch our longing spirits home.

TRUTH.

Substance of a lecture delivered at Park Street Church, Portland, Me.,
 July, 1843, preparatory to a series of lectures, by Rev. J. W.,
 Pastor of said Church, at that time.

Before thy Sacred Altar, Heavenly Truth !
 I bow in manhood as I bowed in youth ;
 Thus let me kneel till this dull form decay,
 And life's last shadow brighten in thy ray ;
 Then let my soul, now lost in clouds below,
 Soar without bounds,—without consuming glow !
 SIR W. JONES.

Midst bigotry, and wild fanatic flames,
 Religious creeds, and anti-scriptural names,
 Jehovah's will, as in the gospel shown,
 Assumes a basis, steadfast as his throne.
 Shall mortals garbed with sacerdotal pride,
 One law infringe, or precept set aside—
 New-model with their own traditions vain,
 What God's own Son in wisdom pleased to ordain ?
 Honor themselves, his legislation spurn,—
 In deep polemic strife, and rancor burn ?

To instruct the ignorant, aid the inquiring mind,
 Make men's inventions, that so fully blind
 And fetter such as would in Christ be free,
 Nor through their own opinions sundered be,
 My purpose is, while on me firm I gird
 Intrinsic truth, and wield the Spirit's sword,
 Nor will I shrink from labors most intense,
 In which engaged a project so immense,
 Shall in the smallest measure be my aid,
 Toward its maturity increase be made ;
 Each morning, noon, each evening shade shall bear
 Remembrances of my unceasing care
 On truths immortal ; and unerring base
 Faith's all-important energies to place ;
 Truth ! mighty truth !—when mortal aims expire,
 Humbled, on their own grand funereal pyre
 Each earth-born project—shall triumphant rise,
 Gladdening the earth, and tow'ring to the skies.
 Oh ! when shall this important, mighty skill,
 Scatter the feuds that now the churches fill ;
 Plant its strong standard, raise its banners high,
 Error expel by its own purity,
 Like morning clouds when sun-beams gild the sky ?

BROTHERLY LOVE.

SELECTED.

“ By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.—*The King Messiah.*”

And is it thus thy followers, Lord,
 Evince that they are taught by thee ?
 Thus do the world, with one accord,
 Their union to their Savior see ?
 Ah ! then we mourn, that 'mid the throng,
 Who here around thy altars press,
 But few, apparently, belong
 To such as thou wilt deign to bless.

Well may the scoffing atheist say
 That Christian love is but a name,
 Since ranc'rous hatred we betray,
 And pleased a brother's faults proclaim.
 Well may a selfish world declare,
 When we their jealous feuds condemn,
 That though the Christian's badge we wear,
 In spirit we're allied to them.

Then, urged by love's impelling force,
 With generous, self-denying zeal
 We should pursue a lofty course,
 Nor jealous hate, nor envy feel.
 The Savior's name should cause our hearts
 To glow with love's ennobling flame ;
 For 'tis this fruit that best imparts
 A title to the Christian name.

P. F.

“Behold, I show you a mystery.”—*Apostle Paul.*

“A mighty monarch, yet compelled to weep,
 Life, ah ! how brief thy most protracted date ;
 Each valiant soldier soon in Death must sleep,”
 Xerxes once said, and mourned their hapless fate.
 Although the sages flourished in his reign,
 Nature's fair volume to his wondering eye
 Demonstrated the wheat, and other grain
 Enshrined in earth, fresh living plants would rise ;
 Redemption from the grave these never taught,
 Confused ideas the sage's labors crowned ;
 A voice from Heaven, with love and mercy fraught,
 Makes known to man the mystery profound.
 Perish ! it says, the mortal structure must !
 But God's own Son, to ransom from the tomb,
 Entered its precincts—every barrier burst—
 Loosened each fetter, and eternal
 Life, proclaimed through His great name, dispels the gloom.

ON BETHANY COLLEGE.

This noble structure is at length complete ;
 Here shall religion, art, and science meet,—
 Entombed no longer in sectarian mines,
 Counter to sacred wisdom's grand designs.
 On truth's broad basis, tow'ring to the skies,
 Learning shall aid slow reason to arise,
 Lead with her silken bands and gentlest care,
 Each, who shall to this peaceful dome repair.
 Great, and philanthropic must be the mind,
 Employed to pour such blessings on mankind,
 And though the well-earned mead mortals restrain,
 The rich reward in his own breast shall reign.
 (But I digress) here truth shall be displayed,
 Enriching, renovating, powerful aid,
 Temporising not, for 'neath its whelming tide,
 High sounding titles, and sectarian pride
 Are buried ; while upon their ruins rise,
 Nicely constructed, heaven-taught harmonies,
 Yielding to Zion's king exalted praise,
 While youthful voices gladsome accents raise.

The writer most sincerely and devoutly wishes that these high and
 boasted aims may be accomplished. Can this be done if equal right to
 freedom is not inculcated? Can this be done in Virginia?

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO ELDER W. W. EATON.

Beloved brother ! Oh, Farewell !
 Emotions sad, the breast will swell,
 When called to part with thee ;
 Whatever ills may us betide,
 May Heaven's rich grace o'er thee preside,
 And thy protection be.

We fondly hoped that thou would 'st dwell
 With us, and of salvation tell,
 Till we to death should bend ;

Nor on the pleasing vision 'rose
 A thought thy labors here would close,
 And thy loved counsels end.

We hoped to see believers stand
 With thee upon the wave-washed strand,
 The Savior's name to own ;
 Thy argumentative display,
 Of His great love, would many sway,
 To seek the grace thus shown.

But Providence calls thee away—
 We own its most unerring sway,
 And to the mandate bend ;
 And pray its brightest rays benign,
 On thee and thine may ever shine,
 And all thy steps attend.

We cannot wish kind Heaven to shed
 Blessings more copious on thy head,
 Than those for us implored ;
 A growth in knowledge, and in grace,
 A lot among the blood-bought race,
 And peace these paths afford.

And when death closes up the scene,
 No darksome clouds to intervene,
 The Savior's love to obscure,
 But bursting on faith's ravished eye,
 Bright hopes of immortality,
 As God's own word most sure.

Beloved brother ! oh, farewell !
 " Accents how painful who can tell,
 Where kindred souls unite ;"
 May'st thou so wield the sword divine,
 As with resplendence pure to shine,
 In realms of fadeless night.

RECEPTION OF TWO BRETHREN INTO THE CHURCH.

Welcome to the fold of Jesus, youthful votaries of the cross !
You, who to secure his favor, count all earthly gain as dross.
See ! the Scribe with ready fingers, waiting to enrol each
name,

With Immanuel's happy followers, whose companions
you 've become.

Lo ! each friendly brother greets you, pleased that you so
soon have fled

To the hope that 's set before you, through the pathway
Jesus led.

Candidates for endless glory, you have now commenced a
strife,

That will call each power to action, and will only cease with
life !

Yet the victory is certain, if you make his word your guide,
By this lamp, your footsteps aided, need not from the path-
way slide ;

Not as in the Olympic races, where all but one must run in
vain ;

Each shall wear a wreath unfading, soon as each the goal
shall gain.

But what ! oh, what is ceaseless glory ? crowns unfading !
what are they ?

Seraphs clad with dazzling brightness ! scan you what these
words convey !

Crowns unfading ! ceaseless glory ! let me on these sweet
words dwell ;

Is there aught in human language can these rapturous ac-
cents swell,

Or exceed them ? Notes from Calvary tell us how these
blessings came ;

" Jesus died, and rose triumphant ! and imparts them
through his name ! "

Sweet ! oh, sweetest name of Jesus ! may this accent be the
last

That vibrates upon my ear, when the dreams of life are past,
And assure me of the mandate, soon to burst my dark retreat,
From my death-sealed slumbers waken, and conduct me to
his feet.

THE AGED PILGRIM.

TO MRS. W——.

See the happy aged Pilgrim, ready for her long sought rest,
Lingering on the brink of Jordan, waiting for the high be-
hest !

Soon will the command be given, spirit drop the cumbrous
clod,

Leave this feeble, painful mansion, for the presence of thy
God !

Early thou didst seek the Savior, and didst give to Him thy
heart,

When earth's charms were most alluring, thou didst choose
the better part ;

Many times he sure has blest thee, made thy heart with
love to glow,

Has been with thee in affliction, when that heart was filled
with woe.

Will He now forsake his servant, cause his faithfulness to
fail ?

When life's lamp shows its last glimerings, shall the ene-
my prevail ?

No ! He sheds his comforts o'er her, now when life's al-
lurements cease ;

He supports his feeble servant, and imparts to her his
peace.

He will light death's darkest valley, He her rod, her staff
will prove,

He will cheer her with his presence, and support her with
his love ;

Aged Pilgrim, shout Hosannah ! while thou dost continue
here,

Aided by thy powerful Savior, Jordan's streams thou
need'st not fear,

Though the waves swell high around thee, boldly venture
on the flood,

And thou shalt be safely landed, in the presence of thy
God.

ADDRESS TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

Adieu ! New Brunswick ! thy rock-crested shore
 I leave, with choicest friends of spirits rare ;
 I do feel sad, to think that I no more
 Their kind attentive sympathies shall share.
 Led by an unseen providential hand,
 While yet a child, here was my peaceful home ;
 And though I sometimes sighed for my own land,
 I was content from hence no more to roam ;
 But darksome clouds sometimes 'round Pilgrims rise,
 That Heaven's designs may each accomplished be ;
 And I now quit these hospitable skies,
 For the loved land of my nativity.
 And as the steamer o'er the proud wave glides,
 And from my view each mountain top retires,
 I own a power supreme o'er all presides,
 And hope's bright beams my saddened breast inspires.
 Well I remember, when in childhood's pride,
 With spirits buoyant as this wafting breeze,
 I first these lofty mountain tops descried ;
 Pleased with the varied hues that decked the trees.

But childhood hours and youthful days are fled,
 And time's dark shadows o'er my pathway steals ;
 And while on me her sable robe is spread,
 She on my form her fading power reveals.
 Where'er kind providence may cast my lot,
 To me New Brunswick will be ever dear ;
 And memory linger o'er some favorite spot,
 And shed affection's tributary tear.

Ah ! dear the sod, beneath which lies concealed
 Kindred, and friends, by death's cold fetters bound,
 Near whom, I thought, when from life's burdens freed,
 To sleep in peace till the last trump should sound !
 And dear ! oh, very dear the wave-washed strand !
 Where I the Savior's precious name confessed ;
 Yielded obedience to his high command,
 And of His promises became possessed.
 And dear the place where with a happy few,
 I oft assembled 'round his sacred board,

Our prayers to offer, and our strength renew,
And to each other mutual aid afford.

New Brunswick ! from thy rock-environed shore,
I now depart with sentiments most kind ;
May Heaven its richest blessings on thee pour,
While I thee leave my earlier home to find.

TO PORTLAND, MAINE.

Most pleasing site, my early childhood's home !
Though from thy soil destined for years to roam,
Not changing scenes, nor all absorbing time,
Could me quite wean from thy salubrious clime ;
But I to some sequestered spot would stray,
And muse in solitude the hours away.
But 't was not for this land alone I grieved,
A deeper wound my bosom had received ;
And darksome clouds over my skies were cast,
And my young spirit feared the threatened blast.
Yet, among strangers I found friends most kind,
Whose tender sympathies consoled my mind ;
May these in Heaven amply rewarded be,
For all their acts of kindnesses to me ;
And in their land* I was content to abide,
Till plunged life's bark beneath time's whelming tide,
But Heaven had blessings still in store for me,
And I once more this happy country see.
Cold, and insensible must be his breast,
Who can behold with feelings unimpressed,
After a lapse of forty years or more,
Places in childhood often rambled o'er,
And think of those who their young footsteps led,
Now numbered with the cold and silent dead.
This house, the yard, the barn where hung the swing,
Each to my mind fond recollections bring ;

* St. John, New Brunswick.

That swing my father with the utmost care,
 With his own hand, to please us, did prepare ;
 Methinks, even now, his placid brow I see,
 As with a smile he turned his eyes on me.
 The garden, too, the well, and the large tree,
 Beneath whose shade my mother counselled me,
 With arguments so weighty, clear, and mild,
 That I to wisdom leaned, when but a child ;
 And quite convinced earth's joys scarce worth my care,
 Resolved I would for brighter worlds prepare.
 Oh ! days of childhood ! though to me most dear,
 Yet I regret not thy most fleet career ;
 Nor do I covet this my early home,
 Nor grieve that I from hence was called to roam ;
 A gracious power has guided all my ways,
 And I to Heaven would render grateful praise ;
 And here abide till life's last ebbings cease,
 And my freed spirit leaves the world in peace.

ON LEAVING PORTLAND.

TO MISS B. W——.

My friend, adieu ! oft shall I think on thee,
 In lands remote though cast my lot should be ;—
 Shall ponder o'er thy words and actions kind,
 So soothing to my sorrow-stricken mind.
 By Heaven's mysterious, though unerring hand,
 A stranger in this oft desired land,
 To me by early recollections dear,
 Here would I pitch my tent, and gladly here
 Sojourn till worn or broke life's thread, and gladly I,
 Heaven bidding, lay my staff and sandals by ;
 Each duty not avoided, but well done,
 Breasted each danger, and the victory won.
 And though I humbly bow to Heaven's behest,
 Willing, as it permits, to rove or rest ;

Here, that each Pilgrim may encouraged be,
 I would acknowledge God has succored me.*
 Then onward plod through life's uneven way,
 Make His blest word my comfort, chart, and stay;
 And though my future destiny's unknown,
 Never despond, after such kindness shown.

TO MRS. W—.

My kind, disinterested, generous friend,
 Remembrances of thy attentions kind,
 Shall still where e'er my wandering footsteps bend,
 Mild, rainbow influence on my memory bind.

A stranger, where in sunny childhood's pride,
 Roved I most careless midst a joyous band;
 Years have elapsed, and borne with changing tide,
 Friends and companions to the spirit land.

A few remain, but ah! how changed these!
 I, too, am changed; earth is with changes fraught;
 Reflections pensive—my rapt senses seize,
 Fixes, in reveries deep, the powers of thought.

I seem as those from a long sleep awaked,
 Endeavoring baseless visions to retain;
 Like these, I range through memory's cells most deep,
 Desirous to review past scenes again.

Wearied at length with toil so wholly vain,
 Heaven's boundless mercies I recall to mind;
 I ponder o'er the providential chain,
 That led my footsteps to a friend so kind.

* "When a lonely pilgrim left his home,
 And laid him down on stones to rest,
 Jehovah said, 'where'er you roam
 There I abide to make you blest.'"

May that great power who over all presides,
 Aid you most safely o'er time's changing sea;
 Ne'er may you lack a kind and generous friend,
 Nor unrewarded for your kindness be.

TO MISS M. E. C.

'Midst darksome clouds that sometimes o'er my skies,
 In most portentous dreariness arise,
 Some gleams of sunshine through the dense profound,
 Scatter the gloom and fling their charms around.
 Most gentle friend, I would record thy name,
 And blazon high thy philanthropic fame,
 Rehearse how oft thy words and actions kind,
 Yielded to my sad, sorrow-stricken mind. -
 Enjoyments, that from one so young, a stranger, so un-
 taught,
 Life's sorrowing scene my warmest hopes ne'er sought;
 I would, but quite convinced a mind like thine,
 Such meeds desire not, the loved task decline,
 And folded 'neath fond memory's deep recess,
 Bury these gentle acts of kindnesses;
 Embalmed by gratitude, 'till 'neath time's wheel,
 The flame 's extinct, or death sets his cold seal;
 How dark the vista of my future years,—
 Complex the present, too, yet gloomy fears
 Have not a place within my tranquil breast;
 A full assurance earth is not my rest,
 Nor shall be long my home; 't is my design
 No duty to omit, nor e'er repine,
 If darksome clouds again around me 'rise,
 Nor be unthankful for serenest skies,
 Glad, if when both are past, I win the prize.*

* Set before me in the Gospel.

PROGRESSION.

SELECTED.

There is more comfort to my soul,
 To feel the smallest duty not neglected,
 And my day's work fulfilled, than if I knew
 This perishable dust would be interred
 In kingly marble, and my name set forth
 In pompous blazonry.

MARY HOWITT.

Hope on ! hope on ! Oh, restless heart !
 Though dark the hour may be ;
 For even in thy trials, know
 A glory waits for thee.
 Oh ! keep thou still the dew of youth—
 Still hold thou fast unto the truth !

What though thy strong desire sent forth,
 Unequal ends attain—
 And thy intensest thoughts perceive
 That all the earth is vain !
 Oh, not in vain ! if truth and right,
 But arm thee with heroic might !

Toil on ! for like the pillared stone
 O'er which the moss has crept,
 And veiled the record there inscribed,
 While ages round it slept ;
 Thus, thou mayest on truth's tablet read,
 Pure aid to meet thy utmost need.

For thou in this unequal strife,
 But tendest to a goal,
 Whose object realized, shall fill
 The vastness of the soul,—
 Those ardent hopes, those wishes high,
 Belong to that which cannot die.

TO MRS. S. H. T.

My mind to pensive musings oft inclined,
 Reflects on time's most changing fleet career;
 Some fond remembrances deeply entwined,
 Still claim affection's tributary tear.
 Unsullied joy earth's surface cannot yield,—
 Sorrows assail us,—sunny rills, too, flow,
 And though the sorrow-stricken heart may bleed,
 Numberless comforts blend with saddest woe;
 Nor should those rills in dark oblivion's sea,
 A "prey to dumb forgetfulness" be thrown,
 Heaven's King has said, "such as acknowledge me,
 And offer praise, I will accept and own."
 Rich feelings that no language can express,
 Rivet my senses, and my tongue would bind
 In silence! but He wills his name be blest,
 Shall then my tongue or pencil be confined?
 Or, shall I use the powers to me assigned,
 Nor covet those the bright celestials own?
 Their noblest strains, and efforts weak as mine,
 Have each acceptance at His gracious throne.
 Oh memory! on thy tablet be impressed,
 Mysteries thus sacred, 'till the hallowing seal
 Shall regulate my too oft erring breast,
 O'ershadow all my movements, and I feel
 No darkening germ, but Heaven's pure stamp reveal.

SOLITUDE.

AN EXTRACT FROM BYRON.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steepes and foaming falls to lean ;—
 This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores un-
 rolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendor, shrinking from distress !
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued ;—
 This is to be alone—this, this is solitude !

ON CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

TO MISS S. W. H.

Mine ! be the most delightful task to pour,
 Into the woe-worn agitated breast,
 Some gleams of comfort to illumine o'er
 Sorrow's sad skies, by clouds and darkness pressed.
 Since bounteous Providence on me has smiled,
 And poured its copious blessings on my head,
 Regard I would each less indulged child,
 And smooth the paths their feet are doomed to tread.
 Heaven deigns to say, I shall rewarded be,
 When I because such do the Savior love,
 Only one cup of water shall bestow ;
 Oh ! boundless grace ! my willing feet shall move,
 Desirous some kind office to perform,
 By Him more valued than the deeds of fame ;
 Robed with a nation's honors to secure
 In history's annals a distinguished name ;

Deadened alike to earth-born selfish aims ;
 Glittering applauses that attract the vain ;
 Enthusiastic, wild, sectarian flames.
 Heaven's word my chart, its blissful port to gain !
 On this bright mansion, fixed faith's steadfast eye ;
 On Zion's King my every burden cast.
 Pardoned and saved through his all powerful name !
 Each sin subdued, and death's rough channel crossed,
 Receive through grace the plaudit faithful thou,
 Rich fadeless wreaths shall crown thy conquering brow.

ON CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

" And what is friendship but a name ?
 A charm that lulls to sleep,
 A shade that follows wealth and fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep ? "

So wrote a bard in melancholy strain,
 And thus of friendship many still complain ;
 Perhaps some potent foe, garbed as a friend,
 Had proffered friendship for some sordid end.
 This having gained, his breast with grief had torn,
 And left him thus disconsolate to mourn ;
 But worldly friendship I care not to scan,—
 'T is said a " foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;"
 To nobler energies I would aspire,
 A flame enkindled by celestial fire,
 Such as in brighter worlds shall brighter shine,
 Emblem (though faint) of purity divine.
 A christian friend ! heart-cheering, welcome sound,
 Tell me ! oh, ye who have this treasure found !
 Tell me, what constitutes a christian friend ?
 And how in worth such worldly friends transcend ?
 A christian friend, is one who bears the name
 Of Him, who for his friends e'en death o'ercame !
 Who bared his bosom to receive the dart
 Aimed with precision at his faithful heart ;

And taught his followers, such as bear his name,
 Should each possess the same pure genial flame;
 "Hereby," said he, "shall all men fully know
 That you are mine, when each this fruit shall show."
 Oh, all-important ! soul-transforming theme !
 To pen these truths I would the time redeem ;
 And while I joyfully such facts rehearse,
 "Pant to record them in immortal verse ;"
 (But I digress) what is a christian friend ?
 'T is one whose prayers to Heaven for me ascend,
 Who takes a lively interest in each care,
 And of each burden bears an equal share ;
 Who watches, lest my erring feet should slide,
 And is the first with tenderest love to chide,
 Yet from the public gaze each fault would hide.
 Who when diseases shall this frame invade,
 And warn me I must pass through death's cold shade,
 From the rich treasury of God's Holy word
 Imparts the aid those precious truth's afford ;
 Will whisper Jesus on my closing ear,
 That name which death's terrific vale can cheer,
 And dissipate the dire nocturnal gloom,
 That hovers o'er the entrance to the tomb.
 Also, when the last trump shall rend the skies,
 And bid the dead from their long slumbers rise,
 Shall hail me welcome to the Savior's feet,
 The story of his boundless love to repeat ;
 To strike the tuneful chord, the anthem swell,
 And in His sacred presence ever dwell.

TO MY SON, R. S. B.

"He made the sun to rule the day."

Resplendent shines the lamp of day,
 O'er hill and valley, field and plain ;
 Benignant, influential ray,
 Excelled by naught in nature's chain.

Receding from its destined sphere,
 To systems hidden from our sight ;
 Should this fair orbit cease to cheer,
 These opaque realms with beams of light ;

Rendered unfit for man's abode,
 O'erwhelmed with old chaotic gloom,
 Naught would remain of all earth's horde,
 Gathered her tribes in one vast tomb.

But He who saw the abodes of man,
 Embryo'd in nonentity,
 Nicely contrived fair nature's plan,
 Nor shall this chasm ever be.

Inviolate the promise stands,—
 Summer and winter shall not cease,
 "Or vintage fail the reaper's hands,"
 No; till extends the reign of peace.

And then o'erwhelmed with strange surprise
 Earth from its basis shall remove ;
 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
 And soar triumphantly above ;

And be forever with their Lord,
 Before whose presence Sol's a shade !
 What comfort should these words afford,
 To those with whom the covenant's made ?

TO MY SON, C. L. B.

"The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom."*

Created with capacious powers,
 Hungerings we feel for perfect bliss ;
 And oft imagination towers,
 Restless to gain true happiness.

Lured by gay folly's treacherous smiles,
 Ensnared by her deceitful charms ;
 See many undone by her wiles,
 Learn by their fate to avoid the Syren's arms.

(Unlike the moth that round the candle plays,
 Nor heeds its danger 'till it is undone ;)
 Taught by their downfall, to avoid her ways,
 Be you instructed their sad fate to shun.

Examine oft the oracles divine,
 Nor unaccomplished leave what they require ;
 (Not as a scourge were these pure laws designed,)
 Intrinsic boon ! given by the eternal Sire.

Shall we neglect His precepts to obey ?
 Or spurn the blessings offered through his Son ?
 No ! let us hasten to be wise to-day,
 Lest we like folly's votaries be undone.

TO MY SON, E. B.

“ The world by wisdom knew not God.”

Each breeze that rustles through the trees, or o'er the
 meadow flies,
 Demonstrates Power supremely good, and infinitely wise ;
 Where is this glorious power revealed ? His attributes made
 known,
 Attentive would I search the page where these are fully
 shown.
 Rich the enjoyments I receive, while on earth's charms I
 gaze,
 Delighted should I be to know what did the fabric raise ;
 By whom, also, the solar orb emits its genial flame,
 Enraptured should I be to know whence the effulgence
 came.

Nor less should I enraptured be, to know the lunar's
 source,
 Nor less to scan the omnific power that points the comet's
 course ;
 Infinite wisdom seems impressed on all these eyes behold,
 Such as oft leads me to adore the power these works un-
 fold.
 Omniscience has not left our race thus hopeless to explore,
 Nor altars rear to unknown Gods, on which incense to
 pour ;
 But through the Gospel's gladdening streams the wished
 for knowledge gives,
 Knowledge of immortality, through Him who ever lives.
 Knowledge of immortality ! what transport fills my breast,
 Show me my interest in that word, and I am truly blest ;
 Oh, guide me to its author's feet, and let me homage pay,
 Show me the laws his word enjoins, that I may them obey.
 Knowledge of immortality ! oh, most transporting sound !
 The blessing I so long have sought, through these rich
 streams I've found ;
 To Him who brought the grace to light, be ceaseless praises
 given,
 By all to whom the blessing 's sent, and all the hosts of
 Heaven !

TO MY DAUGHTER, M. E. L. B.

" Then I turned, and considered wisdom, and I saw that wisdom
 excelleth folly, as much as light excelleth darkness."

'Midst folly's allurements, enticing to youth,
 A voice gently sounds through the scriptures of truth.
 " Religion as taught by my pages divine,
 Yields joys that will flourish, when follies decline ;
 Each rich fact believing, each statute obeyed,
 Lights life's rugged pathway, and death's dreary shade,
 In vain to the breast where these truths hold their sway,
 Zealous folly attempt her vain charms to portray.

Attentively study this life-giving chart,
 Bind its doctrine and precepts most firm on your heart ;
 Even though on life's sea swells the billowy wave,
 Thy bark thus conducted, each storm shall outbrave."
 How happy the youth who to wisdom incline,
 Like the sun in the firmament destined to shine ;
 A sacred effulgence around their path beams,
 Diverse from vain folly's chimerical gleams.
 Delightful employments, (unknown to the vain,)
 Yield pleasures untarnished by guilt's changeless stain,
 Bring hither, oh, votaries to folly's gay shrine !
 Each richly-wrought wreath, that your temples entwine,
 Now unfurl her banners ! emblazon her fame !
 Now tell of her deeds, and her triumphs proclaim.
 In her self-kindled flames shall her glories expire,
 So baneful the influence her maxims inspire ;
 Oh, who to her sway would their reason resign,
 Now wisdom invites to her pleasures divine.

SELECTED.

Mary, the boon I 'd ask for thee
 Would be a life from sorrow free ;
 That every morning sun should rise
 To gild with bliss thy youthful skies,
 And all thy hours be crowned with joy,
 Unsullied, pure, without alloy.
 Yet while I wish this wish for thee,
 Mary, I know it cannot be ;
 This life 's a stormy sea at best—
 And those who toss upon its billow,
 Must often wear an aching breast,—
 Must often weave the mournful willow.

But there 's a haven for the good,
 Far, far beyond the stormy flood ;
 More peaceful than the sunny lake,
 When no rude winds its surface break ;

More calm than summer evenings are,
 More glorious than the morning star ;
 And the blest souls who enter there,
 And breathe that pure and heavenly air,
 Are more secure from all alarms,
 Than infants in their mother's arms.

May, this blest haven then be thine,
 And this I know can be ;
 May'st thou inherit joys divine ;
 'T is this I ask for thee.

TO MY DAUGHTER, M. B. B.,

A PUPIL IN THE AMERICAN ASYLUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

Mysterious fiat, that binds thy tongue in chains !
 And shuts thine ears from hearing mortal strains ;
 Thy intellectual energies confines,
 In dark recesses where no science shines ;
 Life surely must of half its joys be shorn ;
 Death, it would sometimes seem were easier borne.
 A cloud thus dense, o'erspread thy early skies,
 But from its gloominess destined to arise,
 Rich, sacred truths, and high scholastic lore,
 Into thy mind enriching streams now pour.
 And what has consummated this vast change ?
 No surgical performance could arrange
 The diseased organ of the deafened ear ;
 But to thy mental faculties appear
 Energies, sure Heaven taught, for what less could teach
 Nicely constructed plans the mind to reach,
 Not aided by the sounds of human speech ?
 I would, but ah ! what language can I find,
 Suited to express the feelings of my mind ?
 On reading letters recently from thee,
 " Now I can read my bible," there I see !

I pause—but may indulgent Heaven pour
 It's in one rich, exhilarating shower,
 Blessings on those who for the deaf mute care,
 And for their aid instruction thus prepare.
 May the kind Matron, Principal, and Teachers know
 The joys that from all earthly blessings flow,
 And an admittance to those brighter skies,
 Where they have taught the deaf mute's hopes to rise.
 And may each pupil fully estimate,
 And most attentive on their teachings wait.
 Your father joins with me in love to you,
 Also your sisters ; my dear child, adieu.

D. M. B.

TO MY DAUGHTER, J. C. B.

“We do all fade as the leaf.” I thought upon my ways, and turned
 my feet to thy testimonies.”

Just as the lovely, transient morning flower,
 Attracts and charms, then quickly fades away,
 No more to deck the garden, vale or bower,
 Even so our life, and youthful joys decay.
 Come aid my pencil, ye who know to paint
 Life's flowery, varied, most attractive joys,
 And say, do not all wear this changeless taint,
 Recede we must, time's grasp our bloom destroys ;
 Regardless of the volume nature spreads,
 In verdant grandeur, or rich boundless grace ;
 Streaming from mercy's pure exhaustless fount,
 See the young, gay, the thoughtless eager pace,
 (And aged, too,) the road that folly treads.
 Behold ! the hapless victims throng her gate,
 Enchanted by her syren magic spell ;
 Nor heed (though often warned) the direful fate,
 Now hovering where her boasted glories dwell.
 Is there no force to break these luring ties,
 So fascinating, ruinous and vain ?
 Only consider,—and the phantom flies ;
 Next follow wisdom and you freedom gain.

TO MY DAUGHTER, M. H. S. B.

Mild are the gentle summer showers,
And soft the streams that onward glide,
Refreshing meadows, glens, and bowers,
Gardens, and fields of flowery pride ;
And soothing words, and actions kind,
Refresh the heart where sadness reigns,
Enerve the anguish of the mind,
The gushing tear of grief restrains.
How most unenviable the breast,
Even though with pearls, and woven gold
Laden, and with rich diamonds dressed,
Emblazoning, varied tints unfold ;
Ne'er touched by sorrow's moving strains,
Bleeds not at tales of lengthened woes ;
Entranced by selfish views and schemes,
No charitable gift bestows.
Not so the generous and kind,
Instructed by rich sacred lore ;
See ! these pour treasures on the mind,
Or bashful misery's haunts explore,
Nor with a sparing hand impart their store.
And as the soft, the gentle showers,
Water the sun-lit teeming earth,
Refreshing gardens, vales, and bowers,
And aiding vegetation's birth.
So these choice spirits of a heavenly mould,
Their priceless blessings round them fling ;
Although no gems, or woven gold,
Adorn the shrines from whence they spring.

TO MY DAUGHTER, A. W. B.

“Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly.”—THE PREACHER.

A mind that 's formed for everlasting bliss,
 No sublunary joys can satisfy;
 Nothing that 's found in such a world as this,
 Affords fit scope for its immensity!
 Wisdom displays her pure resplendent light,
 And folly, too, each gay alluring beam;
 Like streams opposing, each would thus invite,
 Known to my paths alone, is bliss supreme.
 Enquire of him, who once with folly's train,
 Revelled in all the joys her tents supply,
 By him 't is thus recorded, “all are vain,
 Enchant they may, but cannot satisfy.”
 Next, hear him on fair wisdom's merits dwell,
 (No glittering wreaths her temples mild entwine,)
 “I saw that wisdom, folly did excel,”
 So lit my torch at her rich lamp divine,
 On her pure altar would my offerings pour,
 Nor thirst for folly's vain attractions more.



THE TIME TO DIE.

SELECTED.

I asked a glad and happy child,
 Whose hands were filled with flowers,
 Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
 Among the vine-wreathed bowers;
 I crossed her sunny path and cried,
 “When is the time to die?”
 “Not yet! not yet!” the child replied,
 And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden ; back she threw
 The tresses of her hair ;
 Grief's traces o'er her cheek I knew,
 Like pearls they glistened there ;
 A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
 I heard her spirit sigh ;
 "Not now !" she cried, "O, no ! not now,
 Youth is no time to die !"

I asked a mother as she pressed
 Her first-born in her arms,
 As gently on her tender breast,
 She hushed her babe's alarms ;
 In quivering tones her answer came,
 Her eyes were dim with tears ;
 "My boy his mother's life must claim,
 For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
 Of proud and fearless air ;
 His brow was furrowed not by time,
 Or dim by woe or care ;
 In angry accents he replied,
 And flashed with scorn his eye ;—
 "Talk not to me of death," he cried,
 For only age should die."

I questioned age ; for him the tomb
 Had long been all prepared ;
 But death, who withers youth and bloom,
 This man of years had spared.
 Once more his nature's dying fire,
 Flashed high as thus he cried :
 "Life ! only life is my desire !"
 Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a christian—answer thou,
 When is the hour of death ?
 A holy calm was on his brow,
 And peaceful was his breath ;
 And sweetly o'er his features stole,
 A smile, a light divine ;
 He spake the language of his soul,—
 "My Master's time is mine !"

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

BY MISS FRANCES L. HYDE.

How glorious, how beautiful all
 The works of God ! there's not the smallest thing
 In all the vast and unlimited field of
 Nature, but will reveal, if closely scanned,
 Some lineament of grace, a something
 To admire. The humblest flower, that lifts
 Its tiny leaves up to the sun, is ripe
 With beauty ; with what matchless symmetry
 The little bud is folded, how sweetly
 The colors blend in its dainty leaf, yet
 It is passed unnoticed, and the frail flow'r
 Blooms in its lonely home, unrewarded,
 Unregarded.

O nature, thou art a
 Glorious field for thought ! I look around
 Upon thy broad domain, survey thy wild
 Fantastic scenes, thy towering mountains,
 Rugged heights, those gloomy monarchs, that from
 Age to age, mock all time's changes, and
 Rear aloft their frowning brows, with the same
 Eternal grandeur, as when Jehovah
 First placed them there.

O how the soul expands,
 When the immensity of Creation
 Is considered ! what an august, what an
 Amazing conception, does the planetary
 System afford, of the glorious works
 Of our creation ! when the shades of night
 Steal over the landscape, and nature seems
 Hushed in sweet repose, then far, far away
 Amid the floating ether, ten thousand
 Brilliant orbs send forth their hallowed light,
 Cheering the immensity of space, and
 Displaying in silent magnificence,
 The great and glorious mechanism
 Of our Creator. How strange, and yet how
 Beautiful ! What a theatre of light and

Glory ! Oh, how sweet to bow before the
Great and wonderful author, who fills
The vacuity with his presence, whose
Hand pointed out the orbit of the stars,
And poured the mighty ocean into its
Fathomless abyss.

And now, O feeble
Mortal, what art thou ? Lift up thine eyes, and
Behold the wisdom of thy God ! thinkest thou,
Of that great secret agent, that causeth
These worlds of light to dance the mazy round,
O'er circling ages ? Canst thou improve one
Portion of the harmony and beauty
Of the vast creation ? Ah no ! for God
Hath made *every thing* "*perfect*" in his time.

MY ROSE-BUSH.

TO MISS A. L.

A lovely rose-bush I possessed,
No flowers I thought were half so fair,
Nor e'er by me were thus caressed —
To rear them was my constant care.
Lo ! some rude hand the branches lopped !
Ere half the flowers their hues displayed,
And though by me they oft were propped,
Vain was my care, they soon decayed.
Is life compared to lovely flowers ?
Thought I, and must it thus decay ?
'Tis wise to improve the fleeting hours
Ere potent time asserts its sway.
To awake rich feelings in the mind,
These variegated flowers seem given ;
Their transient beauties seem designed,
To raise the thoughts from earth to Heaven ;
There's not a plant, a bud, a tree,
There's not a flower that decks the field,

But to my friend may useful be,
 And lessons of instruction yield.
 Had no rude hand my roses spoiled,
 Time would have laid their glories low,
 And should Death spare our youthful ones,
 To Time's rude sceptre they must bow.
 "Be wise betimes," (a sage has said,)
 "'Tis very madness to delay,"
 To barter everlasting joys,
 For those which pass as flowers away.

WHAT IS HEAVEN !

SELECTED.

Say, what is Heaven? The palace of the King
 Who reigns omnipotent, supreme o'er all;
 The great high throne of Deity, where sing
 The saints and angels all around, and fall
 In humble adoration.

It is the better country far above,
 The promised land where all things are possessed,
 Where those redeemed for ever dwell in love,
 Inheriting the portion of the blessed,
 Rejoicing in the Giver.

It is the holy place most pure, within
 The azure curtain of the starry sky,
 Where fully sanctified, and free from sin,
 The soul in sweetest fellowship draws nigh
 To Him who is most holy.

It is the paradise of bliss, where more
 Than Eden's beauties and delights are found,
 And none of all the full and varied store,
 Of human woes which mar this sin-cursed ground,
 Are felt or ever enter.

It is, we know, the presence of our God,
 Seen, felt, enjoyed, without a single cloud
 To dim the splendor shining all abroad,
 And brightening onward for the ransomed crowd
 An endless day of glory.

It is the house, the home, the rest, the joy,
 Of pilgrims of the cross whose course is run ;
 Theirs was the faith that nothing could destroy ;
 With Christ they are, their reign of bliss begun,
 They shine as stars forever.

If such be Heaven, 't is surely, above all,
 A place, an object, worthy to be sought
 By us who know that shortly we must fall,
 Bereft of earthly things which come by nought ;
 'T is time to live for Heaven.

TO MISS M. E. B.

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Apostle Peter.*

Monitory wreaths 't is fit to form of flowers,
 As they fit emblems seem to be, of youth's gay, thought-
 less hours ;
 Rich are their variegated tints, and rich their fragrance, too,
 Yet, quick their lovely charms recede from the beholder's
 view ;
 Even thus, our youthful ones appear, they flourish, and
 look gay,
 Like these, also, their youthful bloom is subject to decay.
 Intrinsic Time, with footsteps fleet, asserts his potent reign,
 Zealous his victories to complete, his ruthless sway main-
 tain ;
 And though admonished of its speed, and its importance,
 too,
 By Folly's airy train mislead, too many her pursue.
 Entered her tents, (ah ! hapless ones) her perishable wreaths,
 The emblems of neglected time, each from her hand re-
 ceives ;

Her vain attractions quickly fade, and leave no trace behind,
 But sad remembrance of the past to agonize the mind ;
 Even, while they sipped ambrosial sweets from her en-
 chanted streams,
 Reflection (most unwelcome guest) embittered their gay
 dreams.
 Regard fair Wisdom's sacred voice, my heaven-instructed
 friend,*
 Yield to her soft, unearthly calls, to her pure statutes bend ;
 Mild are her rays as summer eve, when rainbows gem the
 sky,
 Around her pathway glory gleams, and points to worlds on
 high ;
 Not ruthless time, nor Death's cold hand, that chills life's
 crimson flow,
 Can dispossess the happy breast, of joys her votaries know.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

What is life ? 't is a delicate shell
 Thrown up by eternity's flow,
 On time's rugged quicksands to dwell,
 And a moment its loveliness show.

Gone back to its element grand
 Is the billow that washed it on shore ;
 See ! another is washing the strand,
 And the beautiful shell is no more.

* " From a child thou hast known the Scriptures," &c.—*Apostle Paul to Timothy.*"

TO MISS A. S.,

ON THE ANTICIPATION OF HER MARRIAGE, AND DEPARTURE
TO A DISTANT LAND.

Redeeming love, with bands unknown to fame,
Will cement those who own Messiah's sway;
Mountains and seas their bodies may divide,
But all are one whom the same Lord obey.

Nor shall the flame grow languid, or decay,
By passing through death's dark, cold, dreary shade;
But be renewed, from nature's dross refined,
When worldly friendship with the world shall fade.

May these reflection's soothe thy gentle breast,
Saddened sometimes by thoughts of friends and home,
For tender recollections, deep impressed,
Are not erased, though far the footsteps roam.

But the rich thought, that on the altar reared
Before the throne, the prayers of saints ascend,
Has many voluntary exiles cheered,
And still, as incense, supplications blend.

May'st thou before this altar often bend,
With Him whom thou hast chose thy guide to be;
A husband blended with a christian friend,
Is a rich gift,—this Heaven bequeaths to thee.
Salem, June 8, 1847.

MY LATE TOUR TO NEWBURYPORT, AND ITS
VICINITY.

My health declining, I the city left,
And bent my footsteps toward my earlier home,
And after kindest greetings from my friends,
The grave-yard sought, a pensive hour to roam,
Where rest my father's sires in calm repose,
'Till the last trump shall through each vault resound,
And Heaven's exalted Majesty disclose,
While angel harpings fill the vast profound.

I sat me down upon the grassy bed
 Of one most revered, and whose name I bear,
 Whose hand my father's infant footsteps led,
 And taught him Heaven would hear, and answer prayer;
 And very sacred was the spot to me!
 My grand-sire, too, was interred by her side,
 The good, the kind, the generous was he,
 Whose sympathies extended far and wide;
 Their characters had often been portrayed
 By both my parents, and it was my aim
 To walk like these fair wisdom's shining way,
 And feel the same pure philanthropic flame.
 Some of their children's dust was near them laid
 With other kindred's, in this cold retreat;
 And though in distant lands others had paid
 Nature's last debt, all soon again shall meet;
 The sea, too, that engulfed one lifeless form,
 The dear, the loved deposit shall restore,
 For all alike await the grand transform,
 That on each death-sealed eyelid light shall pour.
 'T was thus I mused, when gazing 'round I spied
 A snow white stone, and toward it bent my way.
 It bore the name* of an affianced bride,
 In youth's gay bloom, to death's cold grasp a prey;
 And though a distant relative of mine,
 The paths she trod to me were quite unknown;
 Whether she bowed at Folly's glittering shrine,
 Or numbered with the wise, among them shone;
 But sure she prized the oracles divine!
 For to her affianced she this treasure gave,
 As though she would have said, this hope is mine,
 The sinner's friend my helpless soul will save!
 And though the bridal wreath designed for me,
 Thine hand shall on another's brow entwine,
 May my brief race a lesson prove to thee,
 And cause thy heart toward wisdom to incline.
 And he, to mark the spot where lies enshrined
 Her sleeping dust, this monument has reared;
 May its inscription lead some youthful mind
 To own Jehovah's word should be revered.
 Evening with sable curtains drawing near,
 I left the place, most feelingly impressed
 With thoughts like these,—when Jesus shall appear,
 Shall I receive a lot among the blessed?

TO A FRIEND.

Lines written by Miss S. A. A., of Newbury, and placed in her Bible with a request that it should be given to her affianced bridegroom.

Yes, I must die ! the change draws near,
Oh, though most loved, forever dear !
When silent darkness wraps me 'round,
When thou shalt mark how low I lie,
Wilt thou not breathe one tender sigh,
And drop a tear upon the mound ?

How scanty were the flowers that grew
Along life's path ; and ah, how few
The pleasures that were scattered 'round ;
But the thorns to wound shall cease,
And my freed spirit rest in peace ;
Then drop a tear upon the mound.

If near the solemn spot you rove,
In converse with the friend you love,
Then say, should any pause be found,
Here rests a heart that was my own —
That beat for me, and me alone,
Till laid beneath that little mound.

S.... A... A.....

TO NEW ENGLAND.

NEW ENGLAND ! were it gracious Heaven's design
That changeless wreaths of gladness should entwine
A nation on the earth, these wreaths were thine ;
But changeless joys are not the fruit of earth,
They claim a pure, celestial, heavenly birth ;
And though thy soil is fertile, and thy air
Is most salubrious, thou must also share
Thy destined lot of dire, remediless woes,
Which to ameliorate, Benevolence throws

Her influential, gladdening, potent charms,
 And saddest scenes of half their force disarms ;—
 By her volition companies combine,
 Each emulous all others to outshine ;
 Their different interests blended in one aim,
 Emits one genial, philanthropic flame !
 I cannot name them all, but foremost stand
 Those who distribute Bibles through the land.
 Next, Education, with majestic grace,
 Bids Ignorance to her high reign give place.
 Next, Washingtonian, and Temperance bands,
 Of different names, unite their friendly hands ;
 And Peace Societies, on balmy wing
 Their olive wreaths and unstained banners bring,
 And would remind the warrior of those strains
 That once saluted humble Bethlehem's plains ;
 And many stately structures meet our eyes,
 Whose aims thee bless, and other lands surprise.
 See, an infirmary for the eye and ear,
 The poor are gratuitously aided here ;
 An institution to instruct the blind,
 Also another to restore the mind
 Of the wild maniac ; and for those provide
 Whose maladies have human skill defied.
 And here is one entitled to high fame,
 To instruct the deaf mute its exalted aim ;
 Where those of intellectual strength profound,
 Whose ears are closed to each harmonious sound,
 Whose thirst for knowledge leads them to explore
 Its utmost limits ; deprecate no more
 Their incapacity science to gain,
 But its most lofty summit may attain.
 And who are these of philanthropic mould,
 Who to the world its mysteries unfold ?
 Whose noble, generous, Heaven-approving aim,
 Is from degrading influence to reclaim
 The hapless female, on whose wretched head
 Reproach her baneful canopy has spread.
Oh ! base destroyer of domestic bliss !
 Canst thou inhabit such a land as this ?
 Is thy vice-steeled, impenetrable breast
 Of every tender feeling dispossessed ?
 Canst thou behold such generous efforts made
 To aid the victims by thy wiles betrayed,

And not to thy own bosom censure take,
 And, to the utmost, reparation make ?
 Then quickly to some trackless desert flee,
 And rid New England of a wretch like thee !
 I leave thee to thy conscience, and thy God !
 May the seducer's paths no more be trod
 By those who to New England affiance claim,
 Or tarnish this illustrious nation's fame.
 And who are these by kind attentions led ?
 A band of orphans, nurtured, clothed and fed ;
 NEW ENGLAND, may thy annals ever bear
 Such rich memorials of thy fostering care ;
 Here, too, from their galled limbs, Africa's race
 Their fetters break, and find a resting place,
 And friends, who pity, soothe, and would redress
 Their direful wrongs, and saddened spirits bless.
 Truly, benevolence is of heavenly birth,
 Sent by its origin to bless our earth.
 I do not know, and therefore cannot name
 All institutions that should notice claim ;
 And shall to those of skill surpassing mine,
 This pleasing, most elaborate task resign.
 I call on these to rally 'round thy shrine,
 And ask the world if mammon's cause be thine ?
 True, there are individuals, in whose breasts
 This God takes up his most unhallowed rest ;
 Such as acknowledge his degrading reign,
 And would their fellow-beings firm enchain.
 But injudicious must that writer be,
 Who can such proofs of pure benevolence see,
 And mammon-worship still ascribe to thee !
 NEW ENGLAND ! were it gracious Heaven's design
 That changeless wreaths of gladness should entwine
 A nation on the earth, these wreaths were thine.

MAMMON.

SELECTED.

What countless miseries, and what untold ills,
 God of this world, upon thy train attend !
 What floods of widows' and orphans' tears
 Have at thy bidding flowed. The Savior's laws
 Would teach us to do good to all mankind,
 To covet not, but hold our worldly goods,
 As stewards under him, to be bestowed
 At his command. O, were this rule obeyed
 By all who here profess to follow him,
 How changed the aspect of this vale of tears,
 How would the truth be quickened in its course,
 And Zion from the dust arise and sing.
 But avarice spreads her baleful influence round,
 Freezing the fount of Christian sympathies,
 And checking man's benevolence to man.

As sadly thus I mused at eventide,
 The "timely dew of sleep" my eyelids closed,
 And dream usurped the place of waking thought,
 When lo ! a vision strange before me rose.
 Methought that time on earth was past ; I saw
 The great white throne, and Him who sat thereon,
 Before whose face the earth and heaven fled !
 The books were opened, and the unnumbered dead
 Before Him stood to wait their final doom.
 I gazed with awe upon the concourse vast,
 Of every age and nation gathered there ;
 But chief observed one trembling, gloomy train,
 And heard the Judge their fearful fate pronounce :
 "Ye votaries of Mammon, hence depart !
 Who hoarded wealth on earth, but were not rich
 Toward your God, nor treasure had in heaven.
 For I was naked and ye clothed me not —
 Sick and in prison, and ye came not there —
 Hungry, athirst, ye pitied not." And then
 The sad response came up, "When saw we thee
 In prison, sick, or hungry, or athirst,
 Or naked, and relieved thee not?" He heard,
 And pointing to the hosts of ransomed ones,

With palms of victory, and robes of white,
 "Even as ye did it not to these," he said,
 "Ye did it not to me. Here ye behold
 The poor despised on earth, but rich in faith,
 Heirs of the kingdom they have entered now.
 But ye despised the poor, and heeded not
 The words I spake, 'It is more blessed to give
 Than to receive.' See yon shining group,
 With crowns of many stars? Those were on earth
 My faithful, suffering servants; there they toiled,
 With voice, and pen, and press, to scatter light
 O'er a sin-darkened world; while ye in ease
 And plenty lived, and to each warm appeal
 Turned a deaf ear, yea, more, your hands withheld
 Oftimes their lawful dues, their service paid
 With careless, cold neglect. Mistaken souls!
 To think to serve your God and Mammon too;
 But as ye sowed, so shall ye reap; on earth
 Ye sowed unto the flesh; then wonder not
 That of the flesh ye reap corruption now."
 In terror I awoke, and trembling prayed
 That on my heart, though weak and erring oft,
 This blighting curse, this foe to God and man,
 Might never lay its soul-destroying power.

H.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOLTY.

Oh! follow ever truth and right
 Till in thy silent grave,
 And soften not a finger's breadth
 The laws which Jesus gave!
 So shalt thou through thy pilgrim life,
 As through green meadows pass,
 And calmly in the face of death,
 Look without fear at last;
 So children's children seek thy grave,
 And tears weep there upon;
 And summer flowers of fragrance full,
 Shall from those tears be born.

TO AMERICA.

Welcome, beyond the utmost power,
Of words to speak, the day will be,
When, dear America! thy sons
The colored race as brethren see!
When in the holy house of prayer,
With you, they then as equals kneel,
That house, the only one on earth,
Where all men should as equals feel.

Beneath that roof of EQUAL RIGHTS,
If tears of deep repentance fall,
Whether from white or blackmen's eyes,
They please alike the Lord of all;
The tints of those who pray to Him,
He heeds not, be they black or bright;
He only sees the suppliant's heart,
Content if THAT be pure and white!

AMELIA OPIE.

Norwich, Eng.

FEEEDOM'S BANNER.

SELECTED BY E. B.

"If the African slave trade is piracy, the coasting slave trade cannot be innocent, nor can its aggravated turpitude be denied. In the sight of the same God who abhors the iniquity of the African slave trade, neither the American slave trade nor slavery itself, can be held guiltless."

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

My country, shall thy honored name
Be as a by-word through the world?
Rouse! for (as if to blast thy fame)
This keen reproach is at thee hurled—
"The banner that above thee waves,
Is floating o'er three million slaves."

That flag, my country, I had thought,
 From noble sires was given to thee,
 By the best blood of patriots bought,
 To wave alone above the free !
 Yet now while to the breeze it waves,
 It floats above three million slaves !

The mighty dead that flag unrolled,
 They bathed it in the Heaven's own blue,
 They sprinkled stars upon each fold,
 And gave it as a trust to you ;
 And now that glorious banner waves,
 In shame above thee million slaves.

Oh ! by the virtues of our sires,
 And by the soil on which they trod .
 And by the trust their name inspires,
 And by the hope we have in God,—
 Arouse, my country, and agree,
 To set thy captive children free !

Arouse ! and let each hill and glen,
 With prayer to the most high ring out,
 Till all our land with free-born men,
 May join in one triumphant shout—
 That freedom's banner does not wave
 Its folds above a single slave !

R. C. WATERSON.

THE SLAVE'S MUSINGS.

SELECTED.

I dreamed, and methought the fair form of an angel,
 Was bending in love o'er the place of my rest ;
 And silently speaking of peace to the troubled,
 My spirit was glad, for the angel had blest.

The woes of my lot entered not on my slumbers,
 And sweet were the hours the stranger beguiled ;
 Joy entered my heart with its soul-cheering numbers,
 And hope through my features unconsciously smiled.

I 'woke, for the morn in the east was appearing,
 Its rays on my pillow a brilliancy shed ;
 But it cheers not the slave, I was weary and lonely,
 And hope like a dream from my bosom had fled.

I 'm a bondman and toil at the will of another,
 And must bear the lash from a torturing hand ;
 My body is sold, and my soul is in bondage,
 Oh ! God of the slave, is there no better land ?

Where ! ah, tell me where is the rich germ of kindness,
 Of which, with each other the free often speak ?
 While the weak are oppressed, yea ! are groping in blind-
 ness,
 And christians withholding the boon which they seek.

The dream of the night threw its pleasures around me,
 My wife and my children were placed by my side ;
 But the morning in bondage and sorrow has found me,
 And the vows we once plighted, men scorn and deride.

Alas ! they were torn from a fond one's protection,
 And sold at the auction stand, under the hammer,
 While above them was seen on the light breeze unfurling,
 The flag of the Capitol, LIBERTY'S banner.

I gaze on the forest, the river, the ocean,
 The bark that sweeps by on the wide-spreading wave ;
 All are glad, but I feel not the pleasing emotion,
 And weep as I think I 'm a slave, I 'm a slave !



From the Christian Citizen.

THE VOICE OF THE OPPRESSED.

Hark ! a voice, it comes with sadness,
 From yon fair and sunny land —
 From those hearts, unused to gladness,
 And from Afric's sultry strand ;—

Hearts which beat with sad emotion,
 As they cast a tearful eye,
 O'er Atlantic's foaming ocean,
 Where their friends and kindred lie.

Hark ! a voice, it comes with wailing,
 From old ocean's rugged waves,
 Where yon guilty barque is sailing,
 Stored with wretched, captive slaves ;
 Oft its echo comes to greet us,
 In this boasted land and free ;
 Ah ! how will their groanings meet us,
 When before the Deity ?

Hark ! a voice, it comes with anguish,
 Borne upon the southern air,
 Where the sons of bondage languish,
 Hear ye not the captive's prayer ?

Yes, it comes in sorrow stealing
 On the wings of every breeze ;
 List ye, those of honest feeling,
 Say, what trembling sighs are these ?

THE NEGRO.

Extract from Montgomery's poem, written in honor of the abolition of
 the slave-trade by Great Britain.

And is the negro outlawed from his birth ?
 Is he alone a stranger on the earth ?
 Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
 So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?
 No land, whose name in exile heard, will dart
 Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart ?
 Ah ! yes ; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
 His home amidst his father's country lies ;
 There, with the partner of his soul, he shares
 Love mingled pleasures, love divided cares ;

There, as with nature's warmest, filial fire,
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire ;*
 His children, sporting round his hut, behold
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,
 Trained by example, from their tenderest youth,
 To deeds of charity and words of truth.
 — Is HE not blest? Behold, at closing day,
 The negro village swarms abroad to play ;
 He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
 To the wild music of barbarian sounds ;
 Or, stretched at ease, where broad palmettos shower
 Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
 — Is not the negro blest? His generous soil
 With harvest plenty crowns his simple toil ;
 More than his wants his flocks and fields afford ;
 He loves to greet the stranger at his board.

LEAGUE OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

SELECTED.

Here 's a hand for thee, my brother,
 Whate'er thy hue or clime,
 Or wheresoe'er thy lot is cast,
 In the worn ways of time ;
 I ask not now thy station,
 Poor, rich, or low, or high,
 Nor where, within the broad, green earth,
 Thy father's ashes lie.

And my heart is with my hand, brother,
 Come, place thy hand in mine,
 And let an answer to my heart,
 Be echoed back from thine ;
 And let a sacred pledge be passed
 Between us now, my brother,
 To live in peace with human kind,
 In friendship with each other.

* They are distinguished by their tenderness for their parents, and great respect for the aged.—*Adanson*.

Those who are advocates for slavery would do well to examine the accounts given by Newton, Mungo Park, Gregoire, Procast, Solberry, and others.

EXTRACT, FROM MELLEN.

War contrary to the order of nature, and the spirit of the Gospel.

The glorious company of stars,
 Journeying in peace and beauty through the deep,
 Shining in praise forever ! They look down,
 Each like a bright and calm intelligence,
 Above a sphere they must compassionate.
 There is no war among these sparkling hosts :
 They go in silence through the great profound,
 Each on its way of glory ; they proclaim
 The order and magnificence of Him
 Who bade them roll in peace around his throne.
 Oh ! when the planet shone o'er Bethlehem,
 And light came round the shepherds on the hills,
 And wise men 'rose in wonder from their dreams,
 There came a voice sublime upon the winds,
 Proclaiming peace above a prostrate world !
 The morning stars sang peace ; the sons of God
 Struck all their heavenly lyres again ; and peace
 Died in symphonious murmurs round the babe.
 Thus broke salvation's morning. But the day
 Has heard new sounds ; and dissonant and dire,
 The mingled tumult swelled the coming storm,
 Darkening its path with black, portentous front,
 Until it burst in havoc and in war !
 Oh ! may the fearful eventide of time
 Find man upon the dust in penitence,
 In the strong brotherhood of peace and prayer.

THE BRAVE.

SELECTED.

Are they the brave who madly rush
 To the stern battle-field,
 Resolved an enemy to crush ?
 To bid the heart's red fountain gush,
 But not an inch to yield ?

The poet, with his choicest lays,
 May weave for them a crown ;
 And willing lips their deeds may praise,
 And nations, shafts on high may raise,
 To blazon their renown ;—

Yet are they not the truly bold ;
 FEAR arms them for the fight ;
 A fear, unwelcome truth to hold,
 To strive with errors dark and old,
 And suffer for the RIGHT.

But they are brave who nobly dare
 The world's proud scorn to meet ;
 And lovingly the truth to bear,
 Through sin's broad empire everywhere,
 In conquest or defeat.

Thus Jesus, 'mid neglect and shame—
 When round him like a flood,
 The waves of persecution came—
 Jehovah's message dared proclaim,
 And seal it with his blood.

GENEROSITY.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

When the blessed sunshine falls
 On the prisoner's gloomy walls,
 How it doth revive the breast :—
 Oh ! it is a glorious guest !
 So are generous feelings shown
 To the feeble, faint and lone ;
 These will bless, revive and cheer,—
 Brush away misfortune's tear.
 In the turmoil of the day—
 When the sunlight fades away—

Where you meet a wasted form,
 Go to him with feelings warm ;
 Speak kind words—unseal your purse—
 Be a neighbor and a nurse ;
 'T is a brother sick and low ;
 Go, with generous feelings, go.

CALUMNY.

SELECTED.

Who steals my purse steals trash !
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he who filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which does not him enrich, but makes me
 poor indeed.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Nay, speak no ill ! a kindly word
 Can never leave a sting behind,
 And oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown
 By choosing thus the kinder plan ;
 For if but little good be known,
 Still, let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide ;
 Would fain another's fault efface ;
 How can 'it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity but base ?

No : let us reach a higher mood,
 A nobler estimate of man ;
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
 To others' failings as your own ;
 If you 're the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first to make it known ;
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lip may tell how brief its span :
 Then, oh ! the little time we stay,
 Let 's speak of all the best we can.

CARELESS WORDS.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

Beware, beware of careless words,
 They have a fearful power,
 And jar upon the spirit's chords
 Through many a weary hour.

Though not designed to give us pain,
 Though but at random spoken,
 Remembrance brings them back again,
 The past's most bitter token.

They haunt us through the toilsome day,
 And through the lonely night,
 And rise to cloud the spirit's ray,
 When all beside is bright.

Though from the mind, and with the breath
 Which gave them, they have flown,
 Yet wormwood, gall, and even death,
 May dwell in every tone.

And burning tears can well attest
 A sentence lightly framed
 May linger, cankering in the breast
 At which it first was aimed.

Oh, could my prayer indeed be heard,
 Might I the past live o'er,
 I'd guard against a careless word,
 E'en though I spoke no more.

A FRAGMENT.

BY A. S. LOVELL.

The world is not a wilderness entire ;
 And though its sterile deserts, lone and bare,
 Are numerous and wide, yet there are sweet
 Refreshing oases, where verdure lives,
 And beauty blooms, and where the weary soul
 May rest in calm Elysian repose.
 Yes, there are fountains in the human heart,
 Well-springs of bliss, if we would let them flow,
 Pure as the dews that fell on Eden's bowers.
 Man has the power to be an angel, girt
 With mercy's rainbow cincture ; to dispense
 The gifts of Heaven ; to bless in being blessed,
 And be blessed in blessing. He may know
 The peace that guardian spirits only know,
 Hovering on wings of mercy o'er the world :
 When pity cheers the vale of poverty,
 Becomes the widow's hope and friend, and leads
 The little orphan by the hand, and guides
 Its erring feet, and points its infant soul
 Up to its Father, God ;—when sympathy,
 In soothing kindness, weeps with those who weep,
 Extracts the sting from misery, and pours
 A healing balm on sorrow's wounded heart ;—
 When love supports the trembling steps of age,

Bestrews affliction's thorny path with flowers,
 Pillows the dying cheek on roses plucked
 From heaven ; when it inspires another self,
 And melts and mingles with a kindred soul ;
 When love, and sympathy, and pity, hand
 In hand, an angel triad, join to bless
 The world ;—O, there's a sweet, celestial peace—
 A breathing of immortal life steals o'er
 The thrilling soul, pure as the tear that wept
 The Pleiad lost, and holy as the light
 That bathes the evening star. 'Tis like the strains
 That steal at midnight from the wind-harp's strings
 Moved by a seraph's breath.

LINES BY COWPER.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
 That Mary to Anna conveyed ;
 The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
 And weighed down its beautiful head.
 I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
 And seizing it rudely, too rudely, alas !
 I snapped it—it fell to the ground.
 And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
 Some take by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow consigned.
 This beautiful rose (had I shaken it less)
 Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
 And the tear that is wiped with a little address
 May be followed, perhaps, with a smile.

AFFECTED SENSIBILITY.

SELECTED.

As Julia, 'midst a blithesome band,
 Enjoyed a morning walk,
 Careful she raised a drooping flower,
 And tied its bending stalk.

“Ah ! live,” she cried, “most lovely rose,
 And let your charms expand ;
 Free to the view your sweets disclose
 Nor dread the spoiler's hand.”

As in a grove, at close of day,
 The feeling Julia strayed,
 A wretched female crossed her way,
 And thus implored her aid :

“In pity hear sad Emma's prayer,
 And by your bounty save ;
 My father, who through want and care
 Is sinking to his grave.”

In vain the plaint of sad distress
 Saluted Julia's ear,
 She quickly passed, and heeded not
 The suppliant's sad tear.

CONVERSION OF DAVID DREADNOUGHT.

BY DR. WHITCHURCH.

His father died and entered into rest ;
 Yet, ere he died, made this devout request—
 Put up this one short prayer in spirit mild—
 Correct, oh ! God, but save my wandering child.

"As David rambled through a crowded street,
 A church* with open doors he chanced to meet—
 He entered, gazed around, (the scene was new)
 Then sat him down for more distinctive view.
 Feelings sublime across his rugged breast
 Now stole, and scenes gone by upon him pressed ;"
 While struggling to repress the truant tear,
 "Pray without ceasing" breaks upon his ear.
 It was the preacher's text ; reasons were given
 Why prayer was offered to the King of Heaven ;
 Not duty only, but a privilege great,
 For man to bow before God's mercy seat.
 Also, life's gate was narrow, and that there
 No traveller gains a passport without prayer ;
 He recollected what his life had been,—
 A prayerless life of folly and of sin.
 His stricken heart awhile with sorrow bled,
 Involuntary tears of grief were shed ;
 Thus heavenly seed was sown to take deep root,
 Spring up to life, and bear immortal fruit.

The next we hear of Dreadnought, on the deep
 It was his turn the nightly watch to keep ;
 Deep silence reigned throughout the vast profound,
 Broke only by the billows' murmuring sound ;
 The crescent moon rose from her oazy bed,
 And o'er the scene her mild effulgence shed ;
 It was an hour most fitted to inspire
 The breast with sacred, rich, and chaste desire ;
 "Pray without ceasing" fixes on his mind,
 He fears to pray, though much to prayer inclined ;
 "Pray without ceasing" presses on him still ;
 Fain would he pray, but lacks the holy skill ;
 Fain would he raise to Heaven the urgent cry,
 But on his trembling lips the accents die.
 "His watch expired, he for the book of truth
 (Given by his father in his happier youth)
 Searches,—and grasps it with a trembling hand,
 Determined to obey each high command."
 Too long, alas ! it had neglected lain,
 Its sacred page defiled with many a stain !
 That sacred book unread for many years,
 He now bedews with penitential tears !

* St. Paul's, London.

A Savior's love causes that heart to melt,
Which real joy 'till now had never felt,
"And to the world he gladly would make known
The wondrous grace through the rich Gospel shown."
Dreadnought reads on, his heaven-taught mind ex-
pands,

The more he reads, the more he understands ;
And on those stubborn knees, unused to bend,
He sues for mercy through the sinner's friend.
"Determined by the word his life to square,
He ponders o'er each sentence with due care ;"
In the bright sea-life, and the life divine,
"It is his aim all others to outshine ;"
And while he mourns o'er many years misspent,
Oft calls upon his shipmates to repent.

CONVERSION OF MARY DESMOND AND HENRY MOWBRAY.

BY DR. WHITCHURCH.

But Mary Desmond's dress was neatly plain,
She scorned the gaudy trappings of the vain ;
In manners, words, and in her dress was she
The very picture of simplicity.
Yet Mary had been gay, too fond of dress,
And too much flattered by the world's caress—
To tawdry show and company inclined,
Time's fleeting pleasures won upon her mind.
Not long her reason bowed to Folly's shrine,
She heaven-ward turned, and sought the life divine.
Blest be the hour that led my wayward feet
To Desmond's house, this Christian girl to meet.
"The Savior's love her heart with zeal inflamed,
The sailor's case her tenderest pity claimed ;"
She put me in the way her feet had trod,
The way of holiness that leads to God.
"And from a mind enriched with sacred lore,
Would on my listening ear instruction pour.

And though on shipboard I my breath resign,
 I bow submissive to the will divine ;
 May my conversion from the paths of sin
 Encourage those who would the sailor win.
 But life ebbs fast—I must resign my breath ;—
 Farewell, my shipmates—be prepared for death.”

EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

INTERMENT OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HENRY MOWBRAY,
 ON AN ISLAND IN THE BAY OF ———.

Sail had been shortened, and the ship laid to,
 And orders issued to the faithful crew ;
 They hoist the boat out, and with care convey
 Their shipmate's relics safe within the bay.
 No hearse was there with sable nodding plume,
 No flattering epitaph on grandeur's tomb ;
 For woe's vile mockery they no mourner hired—
 The evening gun was at interment fired.
 No priest with sacred vestments held the book,
 That solemn office pious Dreadnought took ;
 And, while the service he devoutly read,
 Sad was each heart, uncovered every head.
 Mute stood Marant, as fast the big tear ran
 Down the dark face of that experienced man.
 There Donald wept, and many a comrade brave
 Their mingled sorrows poured on Henry's grave ;
 Whom all admired, now all alike deplore,
 The youth sepulchred on that lonely shore.

PITY THE INEBRIATE.

SCENE.—*Back Parlor. Mrs. S. having dressed and caressed her lovely babe, and descanted on his beauty, thus addressed her husband.*

If James L. would but sober keep,
A place for him always to sleep,
I surely would provide ;
But he comes here in such a plight,
Sometimes at twelve o'clock at night—
I cannot this abide.

And when he visits us again,
Although it would my feelings pain,
I think I 'll to him say—
If he cannot from drink refrain,
And a more steady course maintain,
He 'd better stay away.

Our friends such characters despise,
And despicable in their eyes
We truly must appear,
When we such visitors receive ;
It would my mind greatly relieve,
If he would not come here.

To hospitality inclined,
'T is always pleasing to my mind,
Dear Scotland's sons to see ;
And from my oft replenished stores,
Impart the gifts kind Heaven pours
So lavishly on me.

But the young man metamphorized
Into a brute, should be despised
By Scotland's daughters fair ;
I wish he truly would reform,
And to our household rules conform,
And of its comforts share.

JESSY.

When first I James L. knew,
Most interesting to the view
He truly did appear ;

The babe that you 've just washed and dressed,
And so affectionately caressed,
Is not to you more dear,

Than he was to his mother's breast,
Him, she thus tenderly caressed,
And little thought that he
Would wander from his wealthy home,
And in a distant country roam,
A poor Inebriate be.

That mother, in death's cold embrace
Is locked, and you should fill her place ;
Then do not rashly send
The poor inebriate from your door,—
Kindness may lead him to give o'er
His errors, and amend.

If not, you have your duty done,
As you would wish by this your son,
Some humane person would,
If he should wander from his home,
And like this poor Inebriate roam,
Though, Heaven forbid he should.

And as to what the poor boy spends,
His father would make rich amends
To those who for him care ;
For he is one of Scotland's pride,
Although from rectitude so wide,
Wanders his son and heir.

When I last visited that land,
He shook me warmly by the hand,
And talked about his boy ;
I could not that kind parent grieve,
And therefore did not deceive,
Him, and his peace destroy.

Her heart of philanthropic mould
Relented, and most warmly glowed
With pity's genial beams,
And when again the inebriate came,
This sacred, pure, exalted flame,
Poured forth its gentlest gleams.

But long he did not need her care ;
 Alcohol shortly did prepare
 For him a watery tomb ;
 And while she mourned his hapless lot,
 She did rejoice that she had not
 Expelled him from her home.

But shall I the sad sequel tell ?
 A child that mother loved as well
 As him she then caressed,
 Has to intemperance inclined
 And left his home ; oh, may he find
 A friend ! a place of rest !

• His parents Nature's debt have paid,
 And sheltered 'neath that pierceless shade,
 From mortal woes are free ;
 Parents who read these mournful lays,
 And on your beauteous children gaze,
 You know not what they 'll be.

Then let that poor Inebriate son,
 That homeless, friendless, erring one,
 Your sympathy now share ;
 To him extend the friendly hand,
 And lead him to that pitying band,*
 Who for the inebriate care.

TO THEODORE, ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

As youth arrive at man's estate
 To choose a wife, seems fixed by fate ;
 For very rare indeed, we see,
 To single life a devotee,
 Who deems it meet to live alone,
 If he can find his kindred bone ;
 But kindred souls alone should meet,—
 'T is friendship makes the bondage sweet.

* Total Abstinence Washingtonian Society.

For lack of this too oft we see
 Those joined in wedlock, disagree,
 And sometimes wish the high behest,
 Had severed them as East from West.

As you to wedlock have inclined,
 And found a partner to your mind,
 Varied your duties now will be,
 So take these gentle hints from me :
 And first to God an altar raise,
 And daily offer prayer and praise ;
 For none his blessing need expect,
 If they to ask the boon neglect,—
 Ne'er let the solar orb arise
 And you withhold your sacrifice,
 Nor e'er behold its setting rays
 Without reverberating praise.
 The next, let temperance guard your board,
 And rather give the poor than hoard,
 And thus a faithful steward be
 Of that kind Heaven entrusts to thee !
 Yet, let discretion guard your store,
 To keep the bailiff from your door,
 Give what 's your own, but nothing more.
 Next, fix this truth upon your mind :
 You cannot use a wife too kind ;—
 Unless, unlike all else beside,
 Faults she will have that you may chide,
 But ever let those chidings be
 The effects of stern necessity ;
 As if by them you mean to show
 You love, as Christ his church below,
 And as you wish that she would do
 By you, when she your faults shall view ;
 Unkind expressions, and neglect,
 Will wound the breast you should protect.

Be it your effort to restrain
 Each act that would her feelings pain,
 And never on that brow so fair
 Bind one unnecessary care,
 And for pure joys you need not roam,
 For peace and love will crown your home.

To Him who is our common friend,
 You, and your bride I would commend ;
 May His blessed word your footsteps guide,
 His sheltering wings o'er you preside,
 'Till life's horizon from your sight
 Recedes, and realms of fadeless light
 Breaks on the view, and you arise
 To peace, and joy, above the skies.

LINES,

On reading a Communication in a Weekly Newspaper, directed to a
 new married couple.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Our periodicals abound
 With a dull, tedious, tiresome round—
 The nameless duties of a wife,
 And how she should devote her life,
 To please her lord, though that should be,
 As hard a task, as to bind the sea ;
 And though her soul is pressed with grief,
 And one sweet tear would give relief,
 The tear repress, sighs, too, restrain,
 Lest these should give her monarch pain ;
 And clothe with smiles and brow serene,
 A bosom pressed with sorrows keen.
 And Miss H. M. takes up the tale,
 Though plodding single down life's vale ;
 She should have tried the married life,
 And showed the world one faultless wife ;
 For Heaven most fully has made known,
 Man should not tread life's vale alone.
 Now I concur with Heaven's decree,
 Viz: that in each house should be
 One to preside, and that 't is fit,
 That each should to his laws submit.
 Those laws should founded be on love,
 Such as kind Heaven would approve ;

If so, how very few indeed
 Would from the pleasing bands be freed.
 But men, as women, oft are frail,
 And angry discords, too, prevail,
 And disputations fierce arise,
 'Till children heartily despise
 Both parents, oh ! 't were better far
 Not to indulge domestic war ;
 But to each other's wishes bend,
 Nor for frivolities contend,—
 But be what Heaven designed they should,
 Tender, affectionate and good ;
 Co-helpers in the arduous strife,
 Attendant on the voyage of life.
 But should fierce angry discord rise,
 To quell it, (here the secret lies,)
 Quickly comply with Heaven's decree,
 Ye wives, when angry, silent be ;
 And not because your views are wrong,
 But that to God it does belong,
 For His Great Family to enact
 Laws, and obedience to expect.
 Not sulky silence, but be kind,
 And on your brow the olive bind ;
 The sigh may rise, the tear may flow,
 Heaven ne'er forbade these signs of woe.
 That man must be worse than a brute,
 Who would ill-treat a meek, kind mute ;
 But should such prodigies be found,
 Do not contend, but yield the ground.
 When angry neighbors disagree,
 If one of them would silent be,
 Until the other's anger cool,
 'T were better than to fight for rule. .
 Sometimes two statesmen disagree,
 One says, " I'll not insulted be ;"
 The other says, " neither will I.
 Let us a single combat try,
 And by the force of art and might,
 Decide who 's wrong, and who is right."
 And armies on the tented field
 Combat until the weaker yield ;
 Not the most faulty, for we find,
 Too often, wrong and strength combined.

But from my subject I have strayed ;
 Kind Heaven much mercy has displayed
 In naming which should silent be,
 When wives and husbands disagree.
 To His blest word I you may commend,
 Adieu.——Your faithful, scribbling friend,
D. M. B.

SELECTED.

At a recent lecture, delivered by Mr. Catlin, on the manners and customs of the Indians, the following circumstance was related. A portrait of a very beautiful Indian girl had been painted by Mr. C., and a copy of it solicited for the purpose of hanging it up in the fort where he had been staying. Soon after the girl died. After her decease, her father went to the fort to solicit the picture of his daughter ; he entreated earnestly for it, and said he had brought with him ten horses, which were at the gate,—his lodge, with every thing of value in it, and the whole he offered to give for the picture. It is scarcely necessary to add that he was put in possession of it. The following has been suggested by the circumstance :

Ay ! take it—to thine Indian home,
 The priceless treasure bear ;
 And may its gentle aspect still
 The storms of sorrow there.
 Stern chief ! thy child is rent away,
 We cannot give thee back
 The light that made thy path so fair
 Along life's changing track.

Yet take the semblance picture true,
 By skill unerring traced ;
 Take all that's left thee of thy joy,
 And be the relic placed

Where oft thine eye shall calmly rest,
 When dimmed with age forlorn,
 When earthly lights are fading fast,
 And thou canst only mourn.

'T will lead thee back to brighter days,
 When she was with thee yet,
 Like some mild star she was to thee,
 And though that star has set,
 Its fading light will linger still,
 To make the vision blest
 That greets the past-exploring eye,
 And gives the spirit rest.

Go to thy forest home, O chief !
 Bear this sweet gift away,
 Sad is thine heart for thy lost one,
 Thine anguish who shall stay ?
 And take thy proffered treasures back,
 The stranger heeds them not ;
 All unmolested be thy path
 To thine own native spot.

And when within the home she loved,
 Thou seest the image fair,
 Of her whose voice so late was heard
 In joyous accents there,
 O ! think thee of that world unseen,
 Where dwell the lost—the dead—
 And may sweet hopes upon thee dawn,
 Though earthly joy has fled !

M. A. C.

THE GRAVE.

BY MONTGOMERY.

There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep
 Low in the ground.

The storm that rends the wintry sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this weary head
 And aching heart beneath the soil,
 To slumber in that dreamless bed
 From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
 And cast me helpless on the wild !
 I perish ! Oh, thou mother earth !
 Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap, these limbs reclined,
 Shall gently moulder into thee,
 Nor leave the smallest trace behind
 Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange voice salutes mine ear !
 My pulse, my brain runs wild ! I rave !
 Ah ! who art thou, whose voice I hear ?
 I am the grave.

The grave that never spake before,
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;
 Ah ! listen, I will speak no more,
 Be silent pride.

Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
 The victim of consuming care ?
 Is thy distracted conscience torn
 By fell despair ?

Do foul misdeeds of former times.
 Sting with remorse thy guilty breast ?
 And ghosts of unforbidden crimes
 Murder thy rest ?

I charge thee live, repent and pray
 In dust, thy sinfulness deplore ;
 There yet is mercy, go thy way
 And sin no more.

Art thou a mourner ? hast thou seen
 The joys of innocent delights,
 Endearing days, forever flown,
 And tranquil nights ?

Ah ! live, and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past,
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
 For peace at last.

Art thou a wanderer ? hast thou seen
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A ship-wrecked traveller, hast thou been
 Misfortune's mark ?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam ;
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

Whate'er thy lot, whoc'er thou be,
 Confess thy folly ; kiss the rod,
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break,
 Afflictions all his children feel,
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
 He wounds to heal.

Now, traveller in this vale of tears
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through time's dark wilderness of fears,
 Pursue thy flight.

The sun a semblance is of fire—
 A shining meteor in the sky ;
 Thy soul, immortal as its sire,
 Shall never die.

WHAT IS MAN ?

SELECTED.

Ah ! what is man ? extremes how wide
 In his mysterious nature joined !
 The flesh to worms and dust allied,
 The soul immortal and divine.
 Divine at first, a holy flame
 Kindled by Heaven's inspiring breath,
 Till sin with power prevailing came ;
 Then followed darkness, shame and death.
 But God's own son, amazing grace,
 Assumed our nature as his own,
 Obeyed, and suffered in our place,
 Then took it with him to his throne.
 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
 The virtue of a Savior's blood ?
 Again a life divine he feels,
 Despises earth, and walks with God.
 And what, in yonder realms above,
 Is ransomed man ordained to be ?
 With honor, holiness and love,
 No seraph more adorned than he.
 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
 Man shall his hallelujahs raise,
 While wondering angels round him throng,
 And swell the chorus of his praise.

TO MISS W. A. B.

“ Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.”

Why am I undecided ? is the prize
 Exhibited to view of trifling worth ?
 And are celestial glories, to my eyes,
 Lost midst the busy din of noisy mirth ?
 Time hurries on with unremitting pace,
 Hurrying all ages down its rapid stream ;
 Youth to its sway must yield each blooming grace,
 And own the past is but a fleeting dream.
 Now is the time salvation to secure,
 No longer loiter, Wisdom gently cries ;
 But Folly whispers, your salvation 's sure.
 Lulled by the syren, I forbear to rise,
 And though her soft, alluring, treacherous voice
 Known fully is, so magic is the spell,
 Ephemeral joys so much my mind engross,
 Still, I consent within her tent to dwell.
 Let me consider well my present state,
 Exposed each hour to mortal destiny,
 Escape the syren ere it be too late,
 Nor any longer undecided be.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Sacred to friendship may this volume be,
 And fraught each page with wisdom's purest lore,
 Rich intellectual pleasure yield to thee,
 And on thy youthful mind instruction pour.
 Sheltered most sweetly from surrounding ills,
 Thy buoyant bark floats on Time's restless sea,
 And hope, sweet hope thy blithesome bosom fills,
 Nor dreads the tempest that may shortly be.

I would that darksome clouds should never rise,
 But gentlest breezes thy whole voyage attend,
 But earth affords not such propitious skies,
 And thou wilt need a kind and faithful friend.
 That friend I would be, blend my fate with thine,
 And with thee journey till life's voyage shall end,
 Rich wreaths of gladness on thy brow entwine,
 Till Time's last wave earth's firmest bands shall rend.

FOR AN ALBUM.

"I thirst not for the meed of fame"
 Around my brow "its wreaths to 'twine,
 Rather I would inscribe my name"
 With those accounted friends of thine,

And think that in some future year,
 Thine eyes may wander o'er these lines,
 And make the present scenes appear
 To memory's now furnished mines.

"But where, oh! where are future years?
 Down their dark vista who can spy?"
 Enshrined alike their hopes and fears,
 Their griefs and joys from mortal eye.

But there's a brighter world above,
 Thither may we our footsteps bend,
 And, 'round the throne of matchless love,
 Together endless ages spend.

TO MISS E. B.

Embarked on life's momentous, mighty sea,
 Life, and immortal joys to lose, or gain,
 Important, and once fixed sure destiny,
 Zenith of joy ; if lost the depth of pain,
 Around my pathway Folly's airy train,
 Blandishments vain as meteors airy glide,
 Exhibit to attract ; and then enchain,
 And oft their influence o'er my steps preside.
 Yet, sacred Wisdom's voice I do revere ;
 Lit her rich lamp by Heaven's own matchless ray,
 Rich intellectual joys her votaries cheer,
 Known only to the breast that owns her sway.
 Extended is her hand, my bark to aid
 Safely across life's all-important sea,
 Led by her chart, its every rule obeyed,
 Each quicksand shunned, and breasted death's dark wave,
 I, through rich grace, shall reach the port of rest,
 And share immortal joys among the blest.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Among the friendly names,
 That clustering appear,
 In this fair volume to address
 A friend they prize most dear,

With warmest wishes that kind Heaven
 Each varied scene may bless,
 The name of A—a on this page
 Her fingers shall impress.

Deeper inscriptions memory bears
 Upon her tablet, true,
 Where kind attention's gentle words
 Have shed their pleasing hue ;

And shall in future years remain,
 Should these my portion be,
 While memory shall her seat retain,
 I shall remember thee.

TO MRS. S. C.

“In wisdom Thou hast made them all.”—*Psalmist.*

Must these sweet variegated flowers
 Resign their most attractive bloom?
 Such lovely tints, and fragrant powers,
 Sink in oblivion's wasting tomb?
 Often upon their charms I've gazed,
 Pleased with their varied forms and hues;
 How much beneficence displayed!
 I said, and goodness how profuse!
 A poetess has said, “our King
 Could make an earth resembling ours,
 Replenished with each useful thing,
 And not adorn it with sweet flowers.”
 What power unlimited can do
 Finite capacities ne'er scanned;
 Oh! may the thought our wills subdue,
 Restrain our wanderings, teach each plan
 Devised by Heaven most fit for man.

TO MISS M. J. S.

'Midst all the gay phantoms that flutter around,
 And offer to lead you where true joys abound,
 Religion, fair hand-maid of wisdom divine,
 Gives also inducements to visit her shrine.
 Attend at my altar and render your vow,
 Rich, unfading laurels I'll bind on your brow,

Even such as will flourish unknown to decay,
 Though time's wasting hand sweeps earth's fabric away,
 Just as the sun's brilliant meridian light
 Asserts its bright triumphs o'er chaotic night,
 Ne'er eclipsed in its splendor by aught else we find,
 Even such are my glories to the youthful mind.
 Sometimes we behold, with a heart-rending sigh,
 Cut down as the flowers, our youthful ones die ;
 Oft wish the survivors would learn from their doom,
 Unsheltered 's their charms from a like early tomb ;
 Let wisdom's fair hand-maid conduct to her shrine,
 Leave earthly enjoyments for pleasures divine,
 And when life's horizon recedes from the sight,
 Religion will shed its lustre more bright,
 And guide you securely through death's dreary shade,
 When earthly enjoyments as phantoms all fade.

TO MISS M. K.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH-DAY.

Eighteen years have fled away
 Since thine eyes beheld the day ;
 Since, a candidate for heaven,
 Light to thee and life was given.
 Eighteen years ! how quickly past,
 " Like a leaf before the blast,"
 Like a meteor's transient gleam,
 Like a bubble on the stream ;
 And future years as fleet as they
 Will to oblivion's cells convey
 The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
 That wait upon our lengthened years.
 But future years may not be thine,
 Death may even now thy cypress 'twine,
 And ere another year has fled,
 Thou mayst be numbered with the dead.
 When pensive feelings fill my mind,
 My rhymes are of a pensive kind ;

Yet, I rejoice the day to see,
 That gave so kind a friend to me,
 And celebrate, with christian mirth,
 The anniversary of your birth.
 I wish you many happy years,
 Unknown to sorrow, care, and fears,
 But would you truly happy be,
 Improve the talents given thee,
 And never be ashamed to own
 That you the Savior have put on,
 But to the world a pattern give
 How christians walk, and how they live,
 And, like a land-mark in the road,
 Point sinners to the Lamb of God.
 Should death arrest you in life's bloom,
 And lay you in an early tomb,
 Or, should you live old age to see,
 In life, as death, you blest will be,
 And praise that power who being gave,
 And Him who did that being save.

TO MISS A. W. S.

“Wisdom is the principal thing.”—*Solomon.*

At Wisdom's shrine I would a tribute pay,
 Nothing that 's human can with her compare;
 No powers of rhyme can half her worth portray,
 Withered before her earth's vain glories are.

Attendant at her court, and near her gate,
 Lured by those charms that never can decrease;
 Knowledge sublime, and truth resplendent wait,
 Ensuring to her votaries lasting peace.

Resplendent beam! of origin divine!
 Strengthen my footsteps in thy paths to tread,
 Conduct me to thy radiance benign,
 O'er all my steps thy brilliant glories shed.

Uninfluenced by Folly's airy train,
 Like Him who Egypt's sceptre did refuse,
 Learn me all earthly glories to disdain,
 And thee, fair wisdom, for my portion choose.

Replenishing my torch from thy rich lamp,
 Upward and onward shall my motto be,
 Till I receive the heaven-imparted stamp,
 And rise to life and immortality.

TO MISS A. C. T.

Assured that Wisdom's ways afford substantial peace,
 Gilding the breast it sways, with joys that ne'er decrease,
 Ne'er from her precepts swerve, or blush her cause to own,
 Even though, like one of yore, you seem to stand alone ;
 Soon will youth's buoyancy have fled, just like a tale that 's
 told,
 Soon pleasure close its silken wings, and them no more un-
 fold ;
 Chased by time's rapid current, before whom all must bend,
 Old age with swift advances proclaims youth's glories end.
 Let Folly's airy votaries invite to join her train,
 Since you have known superior joys, their blandishments
 are vain,
 Their boasted pleasures quick recede, just like a fleeting
 dream,
 Or meteors darting through the air, or bubbles on the
 stream ;
 Nothing remains of all their pride to satiate the desire,
 When sickness shakes the cottage walls, and bids the guest
 retire ;
 Then pure celestial wisdom shines with majesty serene,
 And o'er her votaries lustre sheds, to cheer the gloomy
 scene.
 Yea ! over all ephemeral joys her glories she displays,
 Like the meridian solar orb, outshining glow-worm rays.

Oh ! may fair wisdom's sacred source your youthful foot-
 steps guide,
 Replenish you with needful grace, and o'er each path pre-
 side ;
 And when life's closing scenes draw near, rich consolation
 send,
 And crown a life with mercies fraught with a triumphant
 end.

TO MISS J. G. S.

Just as the solar orb its powers display,
 And o'er chaotic darkness pours the day,
 Ne'er deviating from the destined sphere,
 Established as the bounds of its career,—
 Thus wisdom shines with undiminished light,
 Gilding the breast that owns the radiance bright,
 Removing error from the darkened mind,
 And substituting joys of purest kind.
 Youth, it adorns with pure, exhaustless charms,
 Secures them from innumerable harms ;
 Confers such honors as shall ne'er decay,
 O'er which old Time, and Death can hold no sway ;
 Upholds through each meandering, giddy maze,
 Learns meek submission through succeeding days.
 Let this pure flame your youthful heart inspire,
 As opening flowers receive the solar fire ;
 Receive this sacred treasure to your breast,
 And let it there abide a constant guest ;
 And when life's closing scenes draw near,
 When solar systems disappear,
 When flowers no more their hues display,
 When earth's enjoyments fade away,
 This sacred flame will light the gloom,
 And point to joys beyond the tomb.

TO MISS L. H.

Let folly's gay, fantastic, thoughtless train
 Unfurl her banners and her charms portray ;
 Creating in the bosom of the vain,
 Yearnings for joys, her syren arts display ;
 Her boasted influence cannot lure the breast,
 On which fair wisdom sheds her radiant gleams ;
 Where sacred intellectual pleasures rest,
 Enriched by Heaven's own pure celestial streams.

TO MISS J. T.

“ As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.”—*David*.

Justly is life compared to flowers of grass,
 O'er which the mower's scythe is soon to pass.
 At morn they flourish, of the field the pride,
 Noon shows them cast promiscuously aside,
 No more to charm the eye, the sense regale ;
 Ah ! such is life ! thus transient, and thus frail !
 Time unfurls his banner, waves his scythe and glass,
 And will not let our youthful beauties pass ;
 Yield to his sway they must, although they are
 Loth to resign their bloom, and wrinkles wear.
 Oft, Death out-wings Time's rapid, sure arrest,
 And aims, unerring, at the youthful breast,
 Removes the blooming to an early tomb,
 And spares the grandsire to lament their doom !
 Ah ! such is life ! thus subject to decay,
 Like flowers of grass whole ages pass away !

A brighter scene awaits the truly wise,
 Mansions of peace, and joy, above the skies,
 Where Time, with wasting banners, cannot come,
 But youth shall flourish with immortal bloom ;

(Unlike the flowers that quickly fade away,
 Death, the last foe, also resigns his sway.
 Nerveless his arm, useless his darts and bow,
 Jesus has laid the insatiate archer low,
 And brought to pass the foretold destiny,
 Death, and the grave, are lost in victory ;
 Why should we fear the mouldering tomb,
 If Death's destroyer cheers the gloom,
 And leads from such a world as this,
 To mansions of unfading bliss ?
 To Him be endless glory given,
 By all on earth, and all in Heaven.

TO MISS. E. R. S.

"Come now, and let us reason together."

Ephemeral joys their charms present, and thus allure the
 youthful mind,
 Lovely and rich, the powers we boast, come,—and with us
 true pleasure find.
 In these enjoyments take delight, for nothing with them
 can compare,
 Zealously in our footsteps run, and to the aged leave dull
 care ;
 Around your temples Folly's hand rich flowery chaplets
 shall entwine,
 Behold yon laughing, jocund train, and with them in their
 festives join.
 "Escape the syren," Wisdom cries, these pleasures only
 last a day ;
 'Tis mine to yield you solid peace when these enjoyments
 fade away ;
 Happy the youth who tread my courts, assembling daily at
 my gate,
 Rich, fadeless, laurels I award to those who at my temple
 wait ;
 A rich repast I have prepared, of intellectual joys refined,
 Come, banquet freely on my sweets, and satiate your im-
 mortal mind.

Dimas turned all he touched to gold, (so say the fabled
 tales of yore,)

Ere long he found what most he wished, he most had rea-
 son to deplore ;

Leave sordid joys to sordid minds, and vain amusements to
 the vain ;

Soon, Dimas-like, they each will find their wishes realized
 their bane.

Come, quickly, to my unfurled banner, ere youth's buoy-
 ancy has fled,

Or Time throws his mantle o'er you, and with silverings
 decks your head,

Uninfluenced by my maxims, you will bow to Folly's shrine,
 Lured by her deceitful pleasures, you will with her votaries
 join ;

Listen to my frequent callings, youthful wanderers through
 life's maze,

And my paths will yield you solace when your youthful
 bloom decays,

'Round you shed celestial comforts when you mostly need
 their aid,

Cheer Death's dreary, untried valley, light its dark and dis-
 mal shade,

Wide unfurl the pearly portals ! you receive to perfect bliss,
 Who would choose ephemeral pleasures, and refuse a lot
 like this ?

TO MISS M. J. S.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Child of my loved, now disembodied friend,
 With pain I see your steps toward Folly bend.
 I knew, indeed, around life's path would rise
 Folly's vain train, and claim you as their prize ;
 And injudicious friends I feared would aid
 The effort by that wily siren made,
 And yet, I fondly hoped to see your mind
 To Wisdom's far superior joys inclined,

And in our frequent interviews, would try
 To fix your mind on immortality,
 For this employed the grass that clothes the field,
 And lovely flowers that sweetest odors yield ;
 The star-bestudded sky, the lunar rays,
 The shade of twilight, and the solar blaze,
 The rill, the stream, the zephyr, and the breeze
 That fans the opening flower, or rustles through the
 trees,

The foaming wave washing the ocean strand,
 Erasing lines inscribed upon the sand,
 Called to my aid the ghost of murdered time,
 And the last hours of one in youthful prime ;
 By satire showed how vain the priestly aid,
 Should God enforce the laws his wisdom made ;
 Oft pointed to the Oracles divine,
 Where boundless grace and richest mercy shine !
 Descanted on the christian's happy home,
 On immortality beyond the tomb,
 And thornless pleasures ever-during bloom ;
 Contrasted those bright realms of fadeless bliss,
 With an unsatisfying world like this,
 Doomed to recede, just like a fleeting dream,
 Or bark engulfed, or meteor's transient gleam.
 But has the book of nature, and of grace,
 Failed to persuade you wisdom to embrace ?
 And must your scribbling friend her hopes resign,
 And view gay Folly unmolested 'twine
 Her perishable wreaths around your brow,
 While with her votaries at her shrine you bow,
 And pace with footsteps fleet the treacherous road
 That leads from Heaven, from happiness, and God ?

Life's term expired, to die without a ray
 Of hope, (well grounded,) to illume the way,
 That untried way, of all our race the doom,
 The cheerless pathway to the silent tomb ;
 Or rather, once more urge you to peruse
 The inspired volume, and salvation choose ;
 That heavenly peace, with gentle, balmy wing,
 May to your breast its richest comforts bring ;
 And while with hasty steps time presses on,
 And folly's thoughtless, careless ones are borne

Down dark oblivion's fathomless abyss !
 This rapid car may you convey
 To realms of ever-during day,
 To immortality, and ceaseless bliss.

Your sincere friend,

And faithful monitor,

D. M. B.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

TO THE SAME.

Recent intelligence has reached mine ear,
 And filled my breast with pure exalted joy,
 Such as the bright celestial beings cheer,
 And their glad voices, and their harps employ ;
 One lured by treacherous folly to her tent,
 Displayed her banners, and her garlands wore,
 Has broke her magic spell, most fully bent,
 Wisdom's pure, sacred temple to explore.

She with the triflers, leaves her gay attire,
 And perishable wreaths, that have entwined
 Her brow, convinced no earth-born vain desire,
 Can fully satiate an immortal mind ;
 She takes a Pilgrim staff, and sandals new
 She binds upon her tender, willing feet,
 Determined no rude foe shall her subdue ;
 Not even death, should she the tyrant meet.

She journies with a firm intrepid step,
 But soon perplexing roads obstruct her way,
 Guides bearing torches, lit (as they affirm)
 By Heaven's own matchless lamp, truth to display ;
 She stops irresolute ;—at length exclaims :
 Do all these roads lead to one temple fair ?
 Why then such zeal for different forms, and aims,
 If all at last meet at one banquet there ?

But ah ! too frequently these guides contend,
 In fierce, unscriptural, polemic strife,*
 Is there no guide my footsteps to attend,
 Through wisdom's portals to eternal life ?
 But if they light their torches at one lamp,
 Having that lamp, do I their gleamings need ?
 As theirs appear to me of doubtful stamp,
 I 'll light my own and on my way proceed.

Most wise decision ! here too many err,
 And now fair wisdom's portals wide unfold ;
 She enters, and receives a faultless chart
 Of far more worth than mines of choicest gold.
 And as she grasps it, hear her thus exclaim,—
 This gift from wisdom infinite is mine,
 These precepts to obey shall be my aim ;
 They 're stamped with truth and sealed with blood
 divine.

Led by this priceless chart, she soon repairs
 † Where Christian Pilgrims their glad anthems raise ;
 She enters, they discern the staff she bears,
 And each glad Pilgrim offers silent praise ;
 Jesus confessed as God's Exalted Son,
 All to the water-side with speed repair,
 To see this Pilgrim put the Savior on,
 And take HIS NAME, which she henceforth shall wear.

Oh, happy Pilgrim ! from thy sins released,
 And ranked with those who bear this hallowed name ;
 May'st thou in grace and knowledge still increase,
 And by thy words and actions put to shame,

* While it is to be regretted, it is nevertheless a fact, that on this basis the infidel erects his standard and unfurls his banners, and hence, the sincere inquirer after truth, becomes perplexed ; but as these all profess to take their creed from the Bible, it is best to go to this fountain—for there is one perfect system taught therein, and should be sought for as for hidden treasure.

† In St. John, N. B., there are a company calling themselves Disciples of Jesus Christ. They profess to take the New Testament for their only guide, without creed or comment ; happy will it be for them, if they conform to the profession thus made. It was in this place, and before this congregation, that this young lady confessed that she believed that Jesus was the Son of God, and that, being buried in the likeness of his death, she should receive the remission of sins that were past Search to see if she was right.

All who in folly's tent do still remain ;
 And such as garbed with philosophic pride,
 Reject the Savior, and his laws disdain,
 And those who prize them, scornfully deride.

Now, Christian Pilgrim, arm thee for the field,
 Lest, peradventure, thou be called to fight ;
 Learn thou, the spirit's mighty sword to wield,
 By which thou may'st whole armies put to flight.
 Though inefficient I the war still wage,
 And as I feel my mental powers decay,
 To hear that youthful votaries engage
 In the same warfare, cheers my Pilgrim way.

Dear Christian Pilgrim ! we perhaps may meet
 On this side Jordan, but its surges o'er,
 If we are faithful, certainly shall greet
 Each other on fair Canaan's happy shore.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased our pardon,
 We will praise Him when passed the dark swellings of
 Jordan.

LINES

RECITED AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE BLIND, YORK
 CITY, ENG., MAY 16, 1843.

They tell us of the starry train
 That sparkle on yon sky of blue,
 When gently o'er yon verdant plain,
 The evening sheds its radiant hue.

And of the glorious orb of day,
 That 'lumes the spacious earth we tread,
 Alas ! in vain its golden ray
 Upon our sightless eyes is shed.

They tell us of the landscape fair,
 The gushing fount, the pleasant shade,
 Of spring's young flowers that blossom there,
 In nature's lovely garb arrayed.

The smile that decks the human face,
 The brilliant eye, the joyous brow,
 Are beauties WE may never trace !
 A rayless midnight shrouds us now.

But why, oh why, the falling tear,
 Why heave the sad, unbidden sigh ?
 The lamp of knowledge, bright and fair,
 Pours lustre on our mental eye.

And oh ! Religion's heavenly ray
 Our bosoms light with sacred love,
 And bids us look from earth, away
 To an eternal world above.

To us our Father hath denied
 The blessing he on you bestows,
 Yet, sweetly now our moments glide,
 He gives us friends to soothe our woes.

And though we never can express
 The gratitude to you we owe,
 God your benevolence will bless,
 And his approving smile bestow.

HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY CATHERINE ALLAN.

"Allah ! Il Allah !" from the mosques
 Across the morning air,
 Was heard a hundred meuzzins' cry,
 "To prayer, awake to prayer !"

And turbaned Turk, and Arab dark,
 The freeman, and the bound,
 Sultan, and meanest slave alike,
 Fell prostrate at the sound.

'T was noon, and in the busy mart,
 Was hurrying to and fro,
 When sudden came the meuzzin's cry,
 And all was hushed below.

And when the crescent moon arose
 Across the twilight air,
 Again was heard that solemn sound,
 Again they knelt in prayer.

Alas ! in Christian lands, the bell,
 At break, and set of day,
 May call in vain to Christian men,
 They have no time to pray.

By night and day, in grief or joy,
 For empty wealth they slave,
 Ay ! live, as if there was no God,
 No life beyond the grave.

SEED SOWING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Green in the farmer's furrow springs the grain,
 And he who follows Adam in his toil,
 That garden toil which makes the spirit young,
 Doth find, with mystic change, the blackened mould
 Transformed and pencilled in the tulip leaf,
 The rich carnation, the imperial rose,
 The wondrous cactus, with its countless forms,
 While the ungainly sapling spreads its boughs,
 Laden with bloom and fruitage.

Nature's self
 Without man's aid, doth make the desert glad,
 And deck the wilderness. The winged seed
 Which to the husbandry of gales she trusts,
 Taketh due root, and up the daisy comes ;
 The pallid grass-flower, the fresh violet,
 The water-loving lotus—the fair vine,

Clasping the gray rock with a thousand arms—
 The arbutus, creeping low in leafy grove,
 Yet cannot keep the secret of its birth,
 For its sweet babbling breath.

The willows fringe
 The water-courses, the majestic elm
 Roundeth its temple arch, the forest oak,
 And that which is a forest in itself,
 The mighty banian, all with pride attest
 The unconstrained fidelity of earth
 Unto her trust.

Thou, too, oh ! human heart !
 God-sown, heaven-dewed—what witness dost thou bear
 Of faithful stewardship ? Seed of good thoughts
 Was scattered in thee, by that book which makes
 The simple wise. Is there no evil germ
 Admitted by thee ? no dark motive made
 Welcome, with foul and bat-like wings to cling
 Amid thine imagery ?

Seed of good words
 The Holy Spirit o'er thy soul did strew,
 Breathing upon them. Do they blossom there,
 In peace and wisdom ? Ah, thou busy tongue,
 So frivolous, so loud with idle mirth,
 So eloquent in trifles, and so dumb
 Oft times, when piety doth ask thine aid,
 Be true and tell.

Seed of good deeds were sown
 Beneath the beams of His example pure,
 Who trod the way in loneliness,
 Nor shrank from homeless poverty and toil,
 So He might save the lost.

Pilgrim ! whose span
 Is shortening every moment, are there none
 Who hunger, or are naked ? none who thirst
 For knowledge, pine in prison, or are tossed
 Without Heaven's compass on the stormy sea ?
 None who do idols worship, groping dark
 After an unknown God ? Or wear the chains
 Of vice, which human love might breathe upon
 And melt away ?

Haste, ere the gathered shades
 Fall on thee from the tomb, where none may work,
 And throw a shelter o'er the orphan's head,
 Cheer the sad mourner, light the Heathen soul,
 And justify thy Maker's husbandry !
 So that His angels, who go forth to reap
 Earth's ripened harvest for the judgment day,
 Put not the sickle in with tears, to find
 The tares for burning overtop the wheat.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY HEARING MISS M. E. C. G, OF BOSTON,
 SAY, "I WAS AT A TENEMENT IN A BASEMENT STORY—
 IT WAS DAMP AND UNCOMFORTABLE."

What led her footsteps there ?
 Was it a literary taste to please,
 Or her already highly cultured mind
 To enrich, that in apartments such as these,
 One so untaught in sorrow's school we find ?

Go, ask the inmates of that cheerless home,
 What led her to their comfortless abode ?
 Did she delight amid sad scenes to roam,
 And view the tears that from true misery flowed ?

Motives like these influenced not her mind,
 It was her aim to chase the sorrowing tear,
 And by her gentle words, and actions kind,
 The desolate, afflicted heart to cheer.

Long ere this frail memorial meets her eye,
 This little incident may be forgot ;
 But He who secret actions can descry,
 To dark oblivion's wave consigns them not.

But, when the quick and dead before him stand,
 And Folly's votaries are clothed with shame,
 Will say to those arranged on his right hand,
 As you have succored these, who love my name,

I do consider it as done to me,
 And will among my friends your names record;
 It is my will you should rewarded be,
 By sharing the enjoyments of your Lord.

HOPE OVERCOMING DESPONDENCY.

"Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul?"
 "Why? misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me—swell o'er my
 head like waves, and dash me down."

But, shall I say no ray of joy appears?
 Where are the mercies of my former years?
 Where are the ebenezers I did raise,
 To Him who filled my heart with love and praise?
 Shall I unmindful of that mercy prove,
 Which crowned my youthful days with tender love?
 Shall I to grief resign my life a prey,
 And leave my infants on life's stormy sea?
 Oh! never, while the Savior's cheering voice
 Says, "Come, and I will make your heart rejoice,
 Who'er thou art, that heavy laden be,
 Oh! come, and peace and comfort find in me.
 Though feeble nature drops the unwilling tear,
 Your grief I know, your bosom I will cheer,
 And in some future, happier, blissful day,
 The smiles of joy shall chase those tears away.
 The rills of sorrow often run below,
 And oft I visit those I love, with woe,
 That they, when fainting on life's thorny road,
 May place their faith and hope alone in God!
 There is a brighter scene, and cloudless skies,
 Where sorrow and temptations never rise;

When safely landed on that peaceful shore,
 The weary rest, the Pilgrim's toils are o'er.
 A palm of victory, and a golden crown,
 Are but faint emblems of those joys unknown ;
 Then courage take, and let your sighings cease,
 Your latter days I'll crown with lasting peace."
 'Tis done, I bow submissive to thy sway,
 Give, Lord, or take thy earthly gifts away,
 While I by faith survey this promised rest,
 Would humbly say, Thy will, oh ! Lord, is best.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. ANDREW BARNES.

Brother in Christ, and well beloved,
 Art thou indeed from us removed ?
 Freed from earth's toils, thy latest foe o'ercome,
 Has thy glad spirit reached the Christian's home ?
 Thy faithful labors in the church has ceased ;
 From painful duties, too, thou art released ;
 Duties that caused the sympathetic tear,
 And for thy tender spirit too severe ;
 But zealous Jesus should his sway maintain,
 And as in Heaven on earth exalted reign,
 His every precept thou would'st glad fulfill,
 Pleased that the Scriptures thus revealed his will.
 Thy pleasing, joyous duties, too, are done,
 And Heaven's eternal ecstasies begun.
 'T is said, " we do not know what we shall be ;
 But this we know, we shall the Savior see ;
 Made like Him, partners in his glorious throne,
 And God well pleased, the favored heirs shall own."

And shall we wish again with mortal bands
 To fetter those who have securely fled,
 From life's sad ills, to those delightful joys,
 Never again death's dreary vale to tread :

Or by this sad bereavement warning take,
 No longer loiter in the Heavenly way;
 For our sure exit preparation make,
 And meet our brother in the realms of day.

We mourn as Christians our loved brother gone,
 And not as those of each fond hope bereft;
 We also drop the sympathizing tear,
 With those who seem to be defenceless left.

But not defenceless, for that gracious power
 Who safely aided o'er life's boisterous sea
 Our brother, if they place their trust in him,
 Will their defence, their sure protector be.

Nor would we aim to eulogize the dead,—
 Our humble brother loved not human praise;
 His well known worth no panegyric needs,
 Christian affection animates our lays.

Methinks I see him stand with placid brow,
 His right hand resting on God's Holy Word;
 "Brethren and sisters, what are earthly joys
 Compared to those these precious truths afford?"

"I do rejoice as life's declining sun
 Lengthens time's shadows, and fortells my doom,
 This Gospel, (weak, yea, lifeless called by some,)
 Points to immortal joys beyond the tomb.

"On this firm basis my best hopes rely,
 This is my chart, my weapon, and my shield;
 Nor would I quit my station in this church,
 For all the satisfaction earth can yield.

"But time rolls on, and we must severed be,
 And pass through death's cold shade as others do;
 Oh, may our children by these truths be swayed,
 And every path marked out herein pursue.

"And may all these who are assembled now,
 And often meet with us to worship here,
 To Zion's King with meek submission bow,
 And with us in His heavenly courts appear."

“Brethren and sisters, let us faithful be,
 Soon, very soon we all shall meet above,
 And face to face our blessed Redeemer see,
 And celebrate his most stupendous love.”

But He is gone—we hear his voice no more—
 Immortal anthems his glad powers employ ;
 When loosed from earth, may we his spirit meet,
 And join the general burst of rapturous joy.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. MC'NINCH, OF
 ST. JOHN, N. B.

Ah ! why these flowing tears, and whence these sighs ?
 Is it because beneath earth's surface lies,
 Enwrapt in death's long slumbers,
 One of our happy circle ? one who strove
 By tenderest acts of sympathy and love,
 To light life's burdens ?

Now to the grave consigned,
 Within its cell confined,
 We must her leave :
 Sounds on the coffin lid,
 Denote the loved one's hid
 From mortal ken.

And will no morning dawn
 Upon the mouldering urn ?
 And must she ever sleep ?
 Ask nature's ample sound,
 Ask reason if there's found
 Aught to indulge a hope of her release !

In vain their boasted light
 To aid the mental sight,
 Or chase our sadness ;
 What then can give relief,
 What dissipate our grief,
 What give us comfort ?

Yet heavenly and serene,
 Over the gloomy scene,
 Hope hovered;
 Its pure celestial ray,
 Illumined the darksome way
 With gleams of glory.

What taught her thus to die?
 What fixed the fading eye
 On immortality?
 And how came she to know
 Heaven would the grace bestow?—
 'T was boundless mercy.

Like worthies famed of yore,
 She searched the sacred lore,
 Truth to discover;
 Nor did she search in vain
 True knowledge to obtain,—
 But found the pearl.

Nor did in knowledge rest,
 But eager to be blest,
 Publicly came;
 The good confession made,
 And 'neath the wave was laid
 In Jesus' name.

Then rose a creature new,
 With victory in her view,
 She to his people gave her willing hand;
 With them the cross to bear,
 Their griefs and joys to share,
 And make Heaven's revealed will her standard.

But soon her race was run,
 Her warfare soon was done,
 And ceased each conflict;
 Then change the tears of sadness,
 For tears of Christian gladness,—
 She sleeps in Jesus.

The sealed, the precious dust
 Committed to his trust,
 Shall rest in peace;

Till its redemption day,
 With vivifying ray,
 Unbars the prison door, and frees the captive.

Then brought to pass shall be,
 Grave, where 's thy victory?
 And where 's, oh, death, thy sting?
 Heaven's all victorious king,
 His ransomed ones shall bring
 To realms of fadeless glory.

LINES,

TO A RELATIVE OF THE LATE AMIABLE, AND VERY MUCH LA-
 MENTED MISS MARY NOURSE, WITH A SMALL
 LOCK OF HAIR.

“No more the dead are laid,
 In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
 To sleep the eternal sleep that knows no morn.”

Milman.

“For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incor-
 ruptible.”—*Apostle Paul.*

The brow that once this hair entwined,
 Now slumbers with the silent dead;
 While the immortal, viewless mind,
 Called spirit, to that land has fled.
 Ah! who can break the ponderous seal,
 Who can the dark precincts explore?
 What can these mysteries reveal?
 Can boasted philosophic lore?
 Or can the star-bestudded sky,
 The moon's pale beams, the solar blaze,
 The flowers that captivate the eye,
 Then sink from the admirer's gaze?
 The earth receives the seed that 's sown;
 Again fresh plants arise and bloom;
 By this process ne'er was shown
 A resurrection from the tomb.

The ancient prophets wrote and spoke
 As from the lips of the Most High,
 And through their teachings gleamings broke,
 Of an immortal cloudless sky.
 Not these ; nor touching symbols showed
 Deliverance from Death's dark domain,
 Till the rich Gospel onward flowed,
 And brought salvation in its train.
 O'er earth's broad surface it extends,
 Deprives the last foe of his sting,
 And soon its author shall descend,
 And from their cells each captive bring.
 Then may the brow this hair entwined,
 From Death's cold, dreamless slumbers rise,
 And clothe anew the viewless mind,
 Called spirit, and ascend the skies.

ON VISITING A FRIEND,

AFTER THE DEATH AND INTERMENT OF A MOST INTERESTING
 BOY.

How changed this once glad home !
 We miss the lovely boy,
 Who watched to see us come,
 And greeted us with joy.

A little joyous thing
 Fitted life's paths to cheer ;
 How oft his merry laugh would ring
 Its richness on our ear.

Even when our hearts were sad,
 And sorrow's tinge o'erspread
 Our skies, this laugh could make us glad,
 And the dark tinge has fled.

We see the vacant seat,
 And the fond mother's tear,
 In silent, moving, language speaks,
 Death's footsteps have been here !

Loosened the silver cord,
The golden bowl has broke,
The dust consigned to dust,
With one relentless stroke.

But the immortal mind
Called spirit, He who gave
The deathless germ, (now disenshrined)
Has pledged his word to save.

And in the darksome cell,
Death shall not always keep
The dust, for He who conquered death
Will break the dreamless sleep.

His glory laid aside,
And mortal vestments wore,
As if to humble human pride,
And show the love he bore.

To lowly, meek simplicity,
He said, "Let children come
To me, they of my kingdom are ;"
And if he calls them home,

And sweetly shelters from the storms
That his all-seeing eye
Sees gathering, and will overspread
The now unclouded sky,

Although we drop affection's tear,
We will not dare repine,
But to His will submissive bow,
And own the hand divine.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. ASA WILSON, OF SALEM,
MASS., WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN AFRICA.

BY MRS. EATON.

In a distant clime, and stranger grave,
They say my husband sleeps,
Where luxuriant vegetation
Unchanging verdure keeps.

I saw thee last in life's full prime,
With manhood on thy cheek,
Nor dreamed the fever's burning blight
So soon thy form would greet!

And ah! how little thought I then,
Amid affection's band,
That thou so soon wouldst find a grave
In far off Afric's land.

Yet, though thou sleepest far away,
Within the cold, damp tomb,
Where those who loved thee may not come
To weep thine early doom,

Still, still, remembrance tells its tale,
And time the more endears
My husband's name, and Heaven does not
Forbid affection's tears.

Alas! so far I cannot tread,
Where thou art lain to rest,
To trace among the tangled vine
That creeps above thy breast,

The pale and lone memorial
Of excellence and of worth,
Where dearest Asa slumbers now,
Far from his home and birth.

But sweetly rest thee in thy grave,
 While I shall watch the storm,
 As memory whispers of the place
 Where sleeps thy manly form ;—

And as I list the distant move,
 And anthem of the sea,
 I'll love the murmur of the deep,
 And think it comes from thee !

S. A. E.

REFLECTIONS,

ON WITNESSING THE INTERMENT OF THE MORTAL REMAINS
 OF T. KNOTT, AGED TWELVE YRS.

From the cold bed, where rests the peaceful clay,
 Till the last trump shall rend the vaulted skies,
 And on the eye-lids pour unceasing day,
 And bid them from their long, long slumbers rise,

I would survey the spirit's upward flight,
 And trace it homeward to that blissful place
 Where Jesus reigns in uncreated light,
 And saints and angels bow before his face.

We see our friends as leaves in autumn fall,
 Some at an earlier, some a later date,
 Mortality's the common lot of all,
 For all, alas ! must yield alike to fate.

But ah ! what wonders fill the enraptured mind,
 While we by faith heaven's blissful scenes survey !
 Imagination's utmost powers combined,
 Can ne'er conceive, much less can words portray.

Let those bereft of hope lament their loss,
 This poignant grief it is not ours to know ;
 The youth we loved fled to the Savior's cross,
 And found that grace his mercy can bestow.

'T was this sustained him in the trying hour,
 When, racked with pain, the feeble fabric lay,
 He knew that Death would soon assert his power,
 But felt no fear, no terror or dismay.

Assured that Israel's Shepherd would be there,
 And safe conduct him through the gloomy vale,
 For heavenly mansions would his soul prepare,
 Nor let his hope decline, or courage fail.

Nor did his courage fail, but firm abide,
 When Death approached, with all its dread array;
 Come, Jesus, come ! the youthful christian cried,
 And then in Jesus breathed his soul away.

Shall we regret his race so quickly run,
 Life's warfare ended, and its trials o'er,
 That he the victor's wreath so soon has won,
 And joins with seraphs Jesus to adore?

Or, rather this impressive scene improve,
 And reap instruction from this early tomb,
 Secure an interest in the Savior's love,
 And stand prepared to meet our certain doom.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF GEORGE BENNISON, AGED
 NEARLY SIX YEARS.

Adieu ! dear child, adieu ! a long adieu !
 No longer can we fondly gaze on you,
 Or hear thy infant voice, lisping, proclaim
 Hosanna to a Savior's precious name !
 Yes, thou art gone ! and shall we mourn to know
 That thou hast left thy sufferings all below ?
 Thy little bark has safely reached the shore
 Where mortal sorrows ne'er afflict thee more ;
 It was thy wish, that brief thy race should be,
 And Heaven has granted that request to thee.

Thy infant skies were sometimes overcast
 With childhood's trials, and those trials past,
 Thou didst regret that anger thou had known,
 Though by thy words or actions 't was not shown.
 No more shall grief like this pervade thy breast,
 From sin, and sinners, too, thou art at rest,
 And numbered with the happy, early blest,
 While we toil onward, through the uneasy strife,
 "The cares, the bustle, and the woes of life."
 But we are mortal, and as mortals mourn
 "Over thy early, unexpected urn,"
 Yet, to Heaven's high behest we bow resigned,
 Infinite wisdom cannot be unkind;
 And though we feel our loss, would humbly pray,
 Give, Lord, or take thy precious gifts away.
 Soon, very soon, we, too, shall pass the bourne,
 Whose precincts ne'er admit of a return.
 Oh ! may we meet thee in the realms above,
 To adore the wonders of redeeming love.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES S. BENNISON, AGED SIX YEARS.

And can I think on my beloved child,
 Who in death's agonies upon me smiled;
 Yea, on the very threshold of existence, strove
 To give to each a token of his love.
 Affection's kiss, without affection's tear,
 'T is nature's tribute to a child so dear:
 But from my eyes forever banished be,
 The tear of anguish when I think of thee !
 Though rough thy passage, the last struggle's o'er,
 And thou shalt pass the gloomy vale no more.
 Ah ! when I saw thy agonizing breath
 Draw its last gasp, and thine eyes closed in death,
 And viewed thy loved, thy beauteous ruins lay
 Slumbering so sweet, I kissed the peaceful clay,

I wept, and yet, I did rejoice to know
 That thou wast safely sheltered from all woe.
 What richer boon could I for thee have craved,
 My darling child, than that thou shouldst be saved
 From earth's dread ills, also, enraptured see
 Him, who once said, "Let children come to me;"
 These are my chosen subjects, early blest,
 And without trial taken home to rest.
 For thee, now ceases all my anxious cares,
 The living are the subjects of my prayers;
 Father in Heaven, incline a gracious ear,
 And thy weak servant's supplication hear;
 I ask not, for my children, hoards of wealth,
 Honor, or pleasure, or unceasing health,
 But spare, oh! spare these careless ones, till they
 Thy son acknowledge, and his laws obey;
 And let these favored eyes, with gladness, see
 Them wholly dedicate themselves to thee,
 Partake the blessings of thy court, and board,
 And the enjoyments thy pure paths afford,
 Growing in favor, and in wisdom, too,
 And every path thy word points out pursue.
 Then let thy suppliant bid the world adieu,
 With joys celestial beaming on her view;
 Assured, that when the last trump rends the skies,
 The quickened dust immortal shall arise,
 And join that blissful choir, whose ceaseless theme
 Is glory to Him who did from death redeem.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MISS S. N. WHITMAN.

What sounds are these that vibrate on the ear,
 And fill the mind with sympathy profound?
 Why flows so copiously the unchecked tear,
 And why do grief and sorrow thus abound?

Behold! consigned to that small spot of earth,
 Lies one who the domestic circle cheered,
 Whose buoyant spirits, and whose harmless mirth,
 Seemed fitted to dispel, whene'er appeared

Clouds, that sometimes even o'er the christian skies
 Gather, and their meek spirits much depress ;
 Such was the loved one, who now mouldering lies,
 Never again the social scene to bless.

Callous must be the breast that does not mourn,
 When such are numbered with the silent dead,
 And "o'er this early, unexpected urn,"
 Affection's tributary tears are shed.

But Christian parents never dare arraign
 The High Behest, or say, what doest thou ?
 Assured their loss is her eternal gain,
 They to the painful mandate meekly bow.

They know, to err, Jehovah is too wise,
 And too benevolent to be unkind ;
 On faith, and hope's strong pinions they arise,
 And in His word sweet peace and comfort find.

They know that Jesus came, the broken heart
 To heal, and wipe away the mourner's tears,
 That in their sorrows keen he bears a part,
 Though dark this dispensation now appears.

Yet, when aside the mortal covering's laid,
 And bursts "celestial beamings" on the sight,
 When faith, that pierces through the darksome shade,
 Shall be succeeded by fruition bright ;

When Heaven, to their unearthed, enraptured eyes,
 Deep providential mysteries shall unfold,
 When hope's firm anchorage, fully realized,
 They scan the purposes as yet untold ;

When, midst the pure, harmonious, countless throng,
 That voice which once the social circle blest,
 Shall, with immortal, rich, untiring song,
 Praise Him who called her to an early rest,

Will joy that they had said, "Thy will be done,"
 And not our will, thou gracious God of Heaven,
 We to thy love resign this first called one,
 And would ourselves, and all thy hand has given.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Inserted at the request of my daughter, A. W. B., as expressive of her feelings on hearing of the demise of her young friend,
Miss S. N. W., of Lexington.

They tell me my companion dear
Is sleeping with the dead,
And in the grave, so dark, and drear,
They made her narrow bed.

And is it so ? and shall it be ?
That I no more shall hear
That tuneful voice,
Or ever see that face so loved and dear ?

Are those bright eyes forever closed,
That once so sparkling shone ?
And from that cheek, where health reposed,
Is life and beauty flown ?

Those lips, that often on me smiled,
Are they, too, pale and cold ?
That hand, so ready and so kind,
Is it o'erspread with mould ?

'T is so, alas ! and far away
The tidings reached my ear ;
I could not watch her slow decay,
Nor know her end was near.

I could not stand with friends, around
Her sick and dying bed,
Nor could I hear the farewell sound,
As hence her spirit fled.

Yet, all is well, for God above,
Our father and our friend,
Has doubtless called her hence, in love,
Has made her sorrows end.

And may I all the moments spend,
Which God to me has given,
So that I may, when life shall end,
With her inherit Heaven.

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. SCOULLAR.

More than fifteen years have fled
 Since released from earthly woes,
 Slumbering with the countless dead,
 In a tranquil, deep repose,

Rests my much loved valued friend,
 Still to memory most dear,
 Tender recollections blend
 O'er her urn, and cause the tear.

Scenes so long ago transpired,
 Seem like visions of a dream,
 (Though they once the breast inspired,)
 Buried 'neath oblivion's stream.

But while memory remains,
 Soothing words and actions kind,
 With their firmest, gentlest chains,
 Sweet associations bind,

And still clothe the mouldering dust
 With its former pleasing hue;
 Memory, faithful to thy trust,
 Thou canst still recal to view,

The mild visage, and sweet smile,
 That, when all around seemed drear,
 Could light up the scene awhile,
 And my saddened spirit cheer.

Fifteen years have passed away,
 With important changes fraught;
 We with gratitude survey
 Wondrous things the Lord hath wrought.

The movements of the spirit-band
 Are hidden by a pierceless screen,
 Perhaps they round our pathway stand,
 And watch our footsteps, though unseen.

If so, dear shade, and hovering near
 The consecrated, troubled wave,
 Thou sawest one to thee most dear,
 Rise from the emblematic grave,

Adopted heir with God's own son,
 To an inheritance divine,
 Having by that institution shown,
 She did her will to his resign.

Oh ! most transporting, rapturous scene !
 Angels, who estimate aright
 The value of redeeming love,
 Rejoice to witness such a sight.

These are the contemplative flights,
 That o'er my pensive moments steal,
 But the ecstatic, rich delight,
 Pure, disembodied spirits feel.

Mortal, imaginative powers
 Are lost in the intense survey,
 For though the spirit upward towers,
 We feel that we inhabit clay.

Dear, gentle shade, I soon with thee
 Shall occupy the spirit land,
 Unless by the long, fixed decree,
 The mighty angel lift his hand.

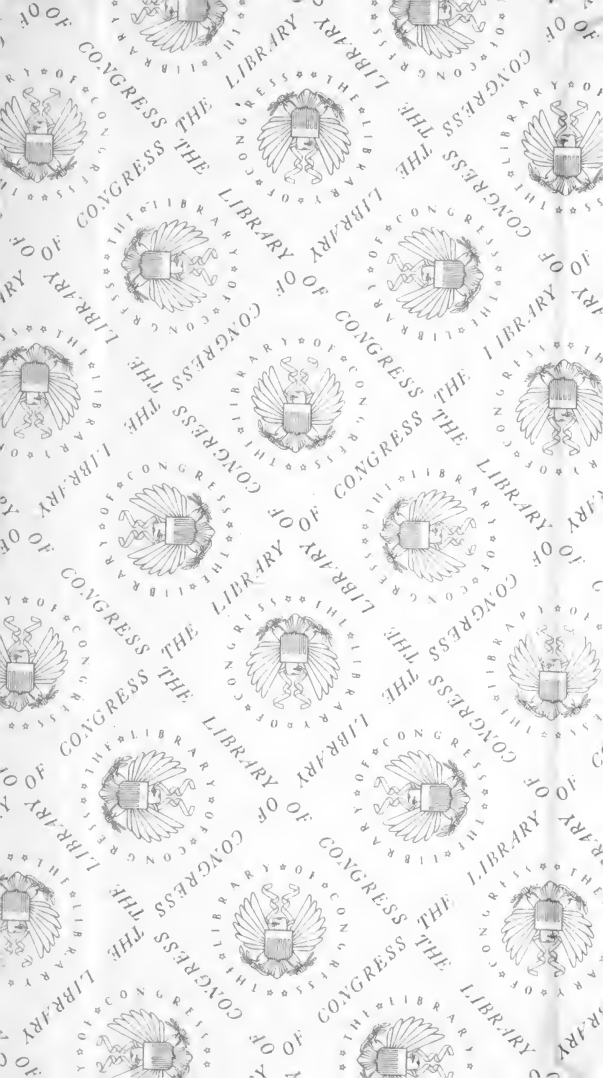
And earth, by the omnific word,
 Suspended for six thousand years,
 An opaque orb shall be unfurled,
 And blazing, light surrounding spheres !

Hades, fold up her useless screen,
 Doomed with the grave to be destroyed,
 While Death's great conqueror is seen,
 With clouds, and all confess him Lord.

Then wake ! oh ! wake thee, thou my soul,
 And trim thy lamp, and see it be
 With oil replenished, that He may
 Among his friends acknowledge thee.







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